THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1871.

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ONE AND ONE MAKE ONE.

A WEDDING SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY M. F. E.

Thy love, my love
Twined into one;
My life, thy life,
One life begun.
Lift to the marriage-bells chiming so sweetly—
Thy hand and my hand clasping so meetly;
Bright gleams the ring on thy finger so white—
Brighter thine eyes are—full of love's light.
Thy heart, my heart,
Each hath been won,
My heart, thy heart,
Two hearts in one.
Thou wert a maiden fair first when I met thee,
Thou art a woman now, firm in thy love—
How thy fond parents sad will regret thee!
May time bring them balm from above!
Thy love, my love,
Twined into one;
My hope, thy hope,
Bright as the sun—
Hope in the future, filled with dim glory—
Into that future we go hand in hand,
'Till the Angel of Death endeth our story,
Leading us into the Heavenly Land.
My Faith, thy Faith,
Truer there's none;
My heart, thy heart,
Trusting in One.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

I serve both sides, and, serving both, am true
To both, or neither, as it suits my mind.
Enough for me to leave no careless clue,
That would betray me, floating in the wind.

Helen had her reply, which was very adroitly and cautiously worded, so as not to compromise any one if it should fall into the wrong hands, fully prepared by the time Captain Fanny brought back her articles from the washerwoman. Fortunately, too, Isabella was out—Helen having been indisposed (to go out), in anticipation of this visit, for several days. She led the seeming young woman again up into her chamber, and locked the door, while Fanny took out the pistol, and inserted the little but important roll of tissue paper in the cavity of the leaden slug.

"Suppose they suspect you, and take the pistol from you?"

"I shall be on the look out for the likes of that," replied Fanny. "There is no great harm done by shooting, you know—so you hit nobody. And a woman besides, my leddy, is not expected sure to aim very straight." Fanny laughed, as if the bad shooting of the female sex was rather amusing to her.

"I don't know about that. I warrant I could hit you every time at twenty paces," said Helen, who, as is the fashion of high-spirited women, was never much disposed to hear her sex in any way disparaged.

"And sure I'm not the woman who'd let you try it," rejoined Fanny, "if they do call me Captain."

"That is a curious name for a woman—especially one so young and good-looking as you are," said Helen.

"Thanks, my leddy—but it's you who are the beautiful crathure. They call me Captain, because—who is that?"

Pemberton's voice was heard in the entry. He was evidently going up to his room in company with another gentleman.

"Do you remember, Arth, that visit you had from a Quaker preacher?" said a loud voice, plainly heard through the door, followed by hearty laughter from both.

"It is Mr. Pemberton and Lieutenant Morris," said Helen in a low voice.

"I thought so. The Liftinant would know me at a glance. He must not see me here—neither him nor McLane. I will come either as a man or as an old woman, next time. Will you know me?"

"I think so."

"They have gone into the opposite room—I heard the door shut," said Fanny in a whisper. "Plase look out, and see if the coast is clear."

Helen opened the door quietly—the loud conversation, accompanied with louder laughter, still continued in the opposite room. Helen beckoned to Fanny to come. But the two had just reached the head of the stairs, having closed the door behind them, when the door of Pemberton's chamber was opened quickly, and Morris came out, walking as if in a hurry.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Helen, Arthur said you had gone out," cried Philip, as he nearly ran against her. "But I am delighted to see you. Why, is that you, Fanny? What odd chance brought you here?" added he, evidently in very great surprise.

"And so you have a personal acquaintance with my washerwoman's servant?" said Helen, covering her confusion as best she might.

"Yes, Fanny and I are old acquaintances," answered Morris, gazing perplexedly from one to the other.

"Why, what is going on [illegible] here?" [illegible] the door of his [illegible] him. "I thought you had gone out with Bella, Helen?"

"But you see I have not," answered Helen, a little sharply. "Or else it is my wraith."

Fanny had not spoken; but now she said, "I have a little message for Mr. Morris, Miss Hilen; have you any objection to my giving it to him?"

"Not in the least," replied Helen with dignity, as she swept back into her room again.

Morris smiled. "Come in here, Captain," said he, opening the door of Pemberton's room again. "We can then sit down and talk at our leisure."

"I suppose you are rather surprised to see me here, Liftinant?" said Fanny, after they had entered.

"Well, rather!"

"I'm sure I could aisly explain matters," continued Fanny, with an almost imperceptible glance at Pemberton.

"I suppose you can," replied Morris. "Do not mind my friend Pemberton here, he is just as reliable as I am."

"I brought the beautiful leddy," said Fanny smiling, "a letter from her lover in New York."

Philip winced. "From whom?"

"Captain Andry," said Fanny in a whisper. "It's a mighty good thing to do, for it gives me the best of rasons to go back'ards and for'ards. An' it puts me in the way of picking up news. Did Captain McLane tell you what I told him—how the red-coats feared that the Spaniards would soon join us and the Frenchmen?"

"Yes, McLane told me. When do you go back to New York?"

"In a few days. I'm waitin' for Miss Hilen's letter to her swateheart. Will I bring it to you to read before I go?"

"No!" exclaimed Morris peremptorily, his face paling.

"I thought ye might be amused with it. His was mighty divarting reading."

"There is no need of my seeing the correspondence, Arthur—is there?" said Morris, as if on second thought he was questioning what his duty as a Continental officer required.

"Not a particle, I think," replied Pemberton. "Helen is not acquainted with any suspicious characters—and she could not tell André anything if she would, more than any common spy could pick up. Besides, lovers generally have more interesting matters than public affairs to write about."

Morris leaned his head on his hand. All the life and spirit of half-an-hour before had gone out of him. He had half hoped that in André's absence Helen would gradually forget him; but here was proof that the love between the two was burning as warmly as ever. He gave a deep sigh.

"It would be very unpleasant to me, Arthur, to interfere in the least with Miss Helen's correspondence—and I shall have nothing to do with it. I shall leave it entirely to you. It is not a case that I can even trust myself to deal with. If you think there is any doubt as to its propriety, please consult McLane or Harry Lee. I am very sorry indeed that it has been my bad luck to know anything about it. I must go now, good-bye. Take care of yourself, Fanny." And Philip walked slowly out of the room—feeling ten years older than when he entered the house that morning.

"I will go also, if your honor has nothing further to say to me," said Fanny rising. "Shall I bring you the letters as I git them?"

"No—not unless I send you word to that effect. I suppose Captain McLane knows where you can be found?"

"Yes, the Captain always knows that. Good mornin', your honor."

As Fanny went out, she carefully closed the door after her, and then tapped gently at the door of Helen's chamber. A low voice said, "Come in."

Fanny entered, closing this door also carefully behind her. Helen was seated at the opposite side of the room, gazing steadily out of the window.

"Miss Hilen."

"Well—have you betrayed me—and him?"

"I shall niver betray him—excipt to save him," replied Fanny in a very low but very earnest voice.

"What did you tell them?"

"I was forced to give them the shell, my leddy, in order to save the karnel."

"What did you tell them?"

"I told them, my leddy, I was carrying love-letters between you and the Captain."

"What else did you tell them?"

"Nothing."

"You read that letter you brought me—I mean the one in the pistol?"

"I did."

"You betrayed the substance of that letter?"

"Niver!" replied Fanny in an emphatic whisper.

Helen turned around, and looked her visitor straight in the eyes. "Do you mean to tell me," said she in a low but stern voice, "that you did not betray what was in that letter? Look me in the eyes, girl—and answer!"

Fanny looked her straight in the eyes. "By the blessed Virgin, the Holy Mother of God, and by God himself, I swear I did not!"

Helen walked to her jewel case, and took out a gold cross, set with pearls. "By this crucifix, on which the Saviour suffered, gemmed with these pearls, which are the tears of Mary, you swear it?"

"On that crucifix, wet with the tears of Mary, I swear it!" and Fanny reverently touched with her lips the cross.

"Enough. I believe you. A young girl like you could not perjure herself, and consign her soul to everlasting flames. But how is it you know Mr. Morris so well?"

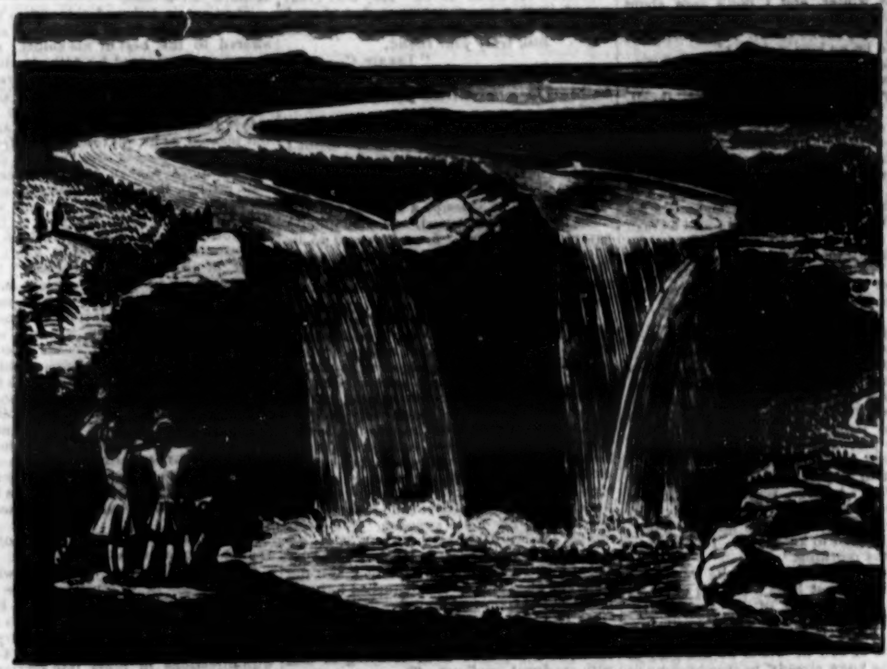
"He thinks, my leddy, that I am a ribel spy. But I only use the ribels. Faith! I kin turn them round my finger."

"They will detect you some day."

"Perhaps. But I don't think they'll harm a woman very much, my leddy, if they do."

"You say that you had to tell them I was getting letters from Captain André."

"How could I help it? They know that something was going on.



FATHER HENNEPIN'S SKETCH OF NIAGARA, MADE IN 1677.

Those of our readers who have visited Niagara will be interested in the above engraving, from a sketch by Father Hennepin, made in 1677—nearly two hundred years ago.

It will be observed that the line of the Great Fall in Father Hennepin's picture, is straight, not curved as now into the form which has given it the name of the "Horseshoe Fall." The form of the cataract is slowly but constantly changing. The reason is to be found in the geological formation. The rocks are partly shale and partly limestone. The former is more readily worn by the water and the frosts, and moulders away more rapidly than the harder limestone. The rate of recession has been calculated, and the time must come sooner or later when the cataract will approach the upper lakes, and the length of the Rapids diminish. As it is, there are from time to time huge avalanches of falling rock, which already accumulate at the base of the Falls, especially on the American side.

Father Hennepin estimated the height of the Falls at six hundred feet, but there is no reason to suppose they were much higher then than now, about 165 feet. Several Falls exceed Niagara in this respect, but the vast volume of water, and the beauty as well as grandeur of the scene, still keep Niagara at immeasurable distance as the greatest of waterfalls.

"It is not pleasant—but I suppose that must be borne. And it may prevent suspicion of more serious matters. Fanny—you will not show that letter I have given you, on any pretence whatever? I would rather die than have you do it."

"And I would rather die than do it," replied Fanny vehemently. "Did I not tell you that Captain Andry had saved my brither from that horrid prison? And that I niver forgit a favor?—niver! Besides, my leddy—but perhaps you would not like to hear it."

"Tell me—what is it?"

"I am a poor young girl," said Fanny, and she absolutely seemed to blush—"and Captain Andry is a noble gintleman—and your lover—and may you be happy thegither in the long years to come. But I cannot spake it," said Fanny, hanging down her head.

"Go on, my good girl," said Helen, her curiosity now thoroughly excited.

"I was only goin' to say, my leddy—that as we see a star, sometimes, so bright and gran' above us, that we pick it out for our star, though we know the star cares naught for us,—no, never hears or thinks of us poor mortals—so myself, a poor but honest girl, my leddy, gazes up at and almost worships one bright, gran' man! It cannot harm him—nor me—leddy. And do you think I would ever betray him?"

"My poor, good girl!" said Helen, sadly; "take this cross, and wear it, for his sake, and for mine."

"May the good heaven bliss you," replied Fanny, hanging the cross by its ribbon around her neck, and concealing it in her bosom. "And now, if you will plase write me a show letter, in case they should want to see what you have sint to the Captain, I'll go."

"A good idea that, Fanny," said Helen. "And I will make it strong," thought she to herself, "so that if Mr. Morris insists upon reading it, much pleasure may he derive from it."

When the letter was written and sealed—"strong" indeed in expressions of attachment, but without address or signature, save the single letter H.—Fanny concealed it in a twinkle about her person, manifesting considerable sleight of hand; and then bidding a respectful adieu, she quietly opened the door, and succeeded this time in descending the stairs and leaving the house, without interruption.

When Fanny got out into the street, she walked along in a very composed manner until she had reached a more unfrequented part of the town. Then she began to smile, and finally almost to shake with suppressed laughter. The whole affair had delighted Francis Malone—whom we have spoken of in the feminine gender, in accordance with his assumed name and character—as much as anything of the kind that had happened in the course of the war. It was just such occurrences as these, that lent to his occupation as a spy such zest and flavour. The last scene especially, in which he had gone out of his way to represent himself as enamoured of Captain André, seemed to him one of the most felicitous strokes he had ever made.

"I clinched it then," said the Captain to himself. "She'll never doubt me after that. It was jist the thing to go down with a woman;" and the Captain laughed this time outright, so heartily that if any one had been near, he certainly would have thought him a little crazy. "She wouldn't have been quite satisfied with the truth, that Captain Andry did save little Barney from the jail—bless his generous heart for it!—and so I tipped her somethin' more in her woman's way. Oh, if I could only tell it—it's most too good to kape."

So Captain Fanny went home to her—or his—lodgings, in high good humor; while Helen sat in her chamber, till her sister came in, musing over all that had passed. Fanny's fervid admiration for André did not seem to her woman's heart at all wonderful—and perhaps if Fanny had really been a woman, it would have been neither curious nor improbable. As it was, it did a great deal to strengthen Helen's trust in Fanny's reliability. Helen was a keen-witted woman, and yet she had more faith in the sentimental falsehood that had been told her, than in the other true but more prosaic statements. She was right however in her reliance on Fanny's integrity, if she was wrong in crediting one of the principal reasons given for it.

As to the divulging of the fact that she was corresponding with André, she cared little that either Pemberton or Philip knew it. She had detected in the latter some growing germs of hope, and she was not sorry, both for his sake and her own, that they should thus be rudely crushed. She liked Morris very much, and now perhaps he would be satisfied to be to her as a loving friend and brother.

As to Pemberton, he knew through her sister of their engagement—for Bella never could keep anything long from Pemberton—and therefore would not wonder that André should seek to correspond with her. And both Pemberton and Morris could be depended upon to keep her secret from the outside world. So Helen came to the conclusion that things were not going on so far very badly, after all—and her countenance was quite serene and placid when she met Pemberton an hour or two after at the dinner table. Of course, neither of them—then or afterwards—made any allusion to what had occurred.

CHAPTER VII.

What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him?
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear."
Wallenstein.

In the same library where the interview had taken place between Helen and General Arnold, the latter was again seated. He was writing a letter to a lady in Boston. It read as follows:

"About three months ago, I was informed that my late worthy friend, General Warren, who was killed at Bunker Hill, left his affairs unsettled; and that, after paying his debts, a very small matter, if anything, would remain for the education of his children, who, to my great surprise, I find have been entirely neglected by the State. Permit me to beg your continuing your care of the daughter, and that you will at present take charge of the education of the son. I make no doubt that his relations will consent that he shall be under your care. My intention is to use my interest with Congress to provide for the family. If they decline it, I make no doubt of a handsome collection by private subscription. At all events, I will provide for them in a manner suitable to their birth, and the grateful sentiments I shall ever feel for the memory of my friend. I have sent to you by Mr. Hancock five hundred dollars for the present. I wish you to have Richard clothed handsomely, and sent to the best school in Boston. Any expense you are at, please call on me for, and it shall be paid with thanks.

"Yours, very respectfully,
"BENEDICT ARNOLD."

Having sealed the letter, and addressed it to Miss Mercy Scollay, of Boston, Massachusetts, Arnold leaned back in his chair. "It seems rather amusing for a man like me"—such was the tenor of his thoughts—"who can hardly find money enough to pay for his marketing and clothes, to be playing the benefactor—but I cannot let poor Warren's children suffer. Massachusetts, Republic-like, may forget her own gallant son; but I, his friend, cannot forget him—he, the chivalrous and gentle! Poor, noble Warren!"

The door of the library was opened, and a servant ushered in Mr. Pemberton.

"Good morning, Mr. Pemberton. Take a seat. I was just thinking about you, and how you came on with the collections."

"Not very well, General, I am sorry to say," replied Pemberton, taking a seat. I drew up a paper as you suggested, and headed it with my own name for a hundred dollars—but, beyond one or two little contributions, scarcely worth the going after, I have done nothing."

"That is strange," rejoined Arnold. "They all know that Dr. Warren behaved most gallantly, and was the life of the Cause in Boston for years."

"All admit that—but some say that it is the business of Massachusetts to care for his children—others say Congress should do it."

"And in the meantime, I suppose, his children must go naked. It is a mean piece of business, Mr. Pemberton."

"Others say they have given, and given, for one thing and another—this day for some one of their own citizens, then again in aid of the soldiers—until their funds and patience are alike exhausted. Besides, the Ball in honor of the French Alliance is to take place soon, and the subscription papers are out for that."

"D—n the French Alliance!" exclaimed Arnold fiercely. "I hate the French! When I was a boy I pulled trigger on one of them, because he had the impudence to come courting my sister Hannah. You'd have laughed to see him streaking out the window. I should think the cowardice or treachery those French monkeys showed at Newport, would be enough for men with a grain of common-sense in their heads."

"I think you are unjust to our Allies, General," replied Pemberton earnestly; "the storm off Rhode Island was a bad one, as is shown by the fact that the English fleet also had to put back, to New York."

"Yes, they might well do it—for their end was attained. And then to think of D'Estaing's impertinence, in putting out that proclamation to the French Canadians, to return to their allegiance to the French King. That shows which way the French ideas are drifting. But for my part, if we must have a foreign master, I would rather have old England, badly as she has acted, a hundred times over, than these slippery, frog-eating Frenchmen."

"It was of course an unwise and ill-considered step in D'Estaing—and the folly of it has no doubt been by this time, represented to the government at Paris—but still, General, the French Alliance is a great thing for us. The British might be in this city now, but for that."

"Well, I have no great objection to it. But I think it more sensible to wait until the French really do something worthy all their display of ships and men, before getting up Balls in their honor, with the money that should recompense our own brave soldiers."

"Have you sounded Congress relative to a pension for the Warrens?"

"Somewhat—and I think they will do something—or at least they say they will—though they are great liars, between you and me. They promise the children shall have a Major General's half-pay, dating from the time of the Doctor's death."

"I thought they could not refuse."

"No—it wasn't likely they'd refuse. But they have a way of never doing things, that amounts to about the same thing. It's not very different whether you starve your dog to death, or knock him on the head at once."

"How about your own claims, General?"

"They are trying the starving plan on me. I have enemies in Congress, Sir. I see them clearly through the grass, but the weather is too cold for them to bite. But they keep up a constant hissing, Sir—a constant hissing. This Court Martial is their work, and it pleases them all the better that the exigencies of the service prevent its being held. Of course I shall be acquitted when it is held—but until that time I am under a cloud. My enemies know this—Reed and the rest of them."

"So far as I for one have had influence, General, I have used it in your favor," said Pemberton. "I think you are occasionally too impulsive and rash both in speech and action—you will pardon me, I know, for speaking frankly—but I would have had Congress overlook all these little things, in consideration of the great services you have performed to the country."

Arnold held out his hand. "Thank you, Mr. Pemberton, both for what you have done in my behalf, and for your frank speech just now. I know you have been my true friend, and I shall never forget it. As for me, I am as God made me. If I were not impulsive and rash, I never should have led that expedition to Quebec, or aided in bagging proud Burgoyne."

"I know well," replied Pemberton, "that men's highest virtues and their greatest errors are often curiously connected together—seeming to grow often out of the same root."

"Mine do, I am sure," replied Arnold. "Mr. Pemberton—if ever in the future I do that which you think worthy of blame, pray judge me as leniently as you can. Will you not?"

"I will," replied Pemberton. "It is one of my principles of action, to think as charitably as I can of all men and their deeds; and of you whom I have known so well, and admired so much, I shall always think most charitably."

"Thank you!"

"As to this matter of the Warren subscription," continued Pemberton, "I think there is no use in doing anything further at present. I will let you have the sum I have myself subscribed, at any time you wish it; and will do more, as it is needed."

Shaking hands, Pemberton left the room, accompanied to the door by Arnold. The latter then returned to the library, and resumed his interrupted musings.

"Was it likely the Colonies could succeed? If they did, would France be in fact their master, as well as ally? Was even Independence desirable, if England would abandon her odious pretensions, and grant them self-government in all local affairs? And as to himself—which was the best for him? Was there any prospect of further honors and of wealth, if he adhered still to the colonies, and they were triumphant? Would they not come out of the struggle terribly exhausted—utterly poverty-stricken? And how was he then to live in a manner becoming his position—and his wife's position?

"If he should imitate in some degree the role of Monk, and be able to throw the game into the King's hand—what then? Would he be Viceroy, with corresponding dignities and estates? Duke of Connecticut perhaps? Or, if not Viceroy, at least one of the American House of Peers? How his young wife would adorn a Court! And himself—he felt in his soul the power to rule. He could not court the populace—he was too much of the Coriolanus mould for that—but he could accept a position from the King, and prove that he was as able to rule as to fight.

"But to imitate the example of Monk, required a Monk's opportunities. He had no command. In order to do much, he must have a separate command—and time to win over his officers and soldiers.

"The time too must be well chosen. An auspicious moment, when his defection would almost decide the contest. It was evident that there were a great many things to think of, a great deal to mature and to plan, before such a step could be taken.

"If he succeeded—all would be well. Success, and such great success, would gild anything. But suppose he should fail? Then he would be a traitor and an outlaw. Even if he succeeded, of course his old friends in the army would look upon him as a traitor, a double-dyed traitor—but that could be borne, for the shrill cry of the disaffected few would be drowned in the loud applause of a whole nation.

"But if he should fail, and England fail, and the Colonies come out triumphant? It was well to look everything honestly in the face. Then he should stand as a double-dyed traitor—and even England would not love the unsuccessful traitor, while the World, which always looks at men and things through the eyes of the victors, would confirm the verdict.

"And if he did not escape, he should be ignobly hung!

"But that is nothing!" exclaimed he in a proud tone, his dark thoughts at last finding vent in words. "When I was a boy, and bathed beside the huge and dripping wheel of the old mill, I feared not to clasp my arms around it, and let it swing me high into the air, although I knew it would plunge me soon again beneath the cold, deep water. The round of that was certain—a certain rise, a certain fall. Here rise and fall are both uncertain; but not for fear of the cold plunge, from which no soul emerges, shall I hesitate. Whatever else God made me, he made me no coward. I have offered death my hand too often, to care that he should take it, sooner or later, now. Failure I fear, and poverty, and men's scorn; but not death—no, not death!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Captain Dashwood's Flirtations.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Men are a [illegible] and [illegible].

Now I don't want it to be understood that I am at war with the other sex. By the "lords of creation" are as good as they know how to be, I dare say. But the above has been my candid opinion [illegible] the truth of it [illegible] than in considering Charlie Dashwood.

I wonder if men know what "[illegible] gammon" they utter, when they speak to each other about the "vanity" of the fair sex, forsooth.

A beautiful woman may sometimes—nay very often does mar the genuine perfection of her charms by that "painting of the lily," or the affectation of the gossamer airiness of the butterfly, which Shakespeare justly terms a "wasteful and ridiculous excess." And ill-fated Mary of the Scots may perchance have uttered one homely truth, for the nonce, when rebuking the flatteries of the wary courtier Gord she said, "Talk not to me of the wisdom of a woman. The wisest of us all is only a little less a fool than the rest!"

A woman of high culture, of rare intellectual gifts, if such a hybrid creature (according to the masculine notion) can exist, may sometimes dissensate upon topics of literature, or the inferior sciences, with kingly mien as if she might presume to understand or to be understood. And we deprecate her rashness. But our plain looking woman, plain in feature as in mind, is undoubtedly a timid, shrinking creature, painfully sensitive, morbidly suffering; and from very modesty has high claims to the respectful consideration of her fellow-beings. But our brothers, or our masters? (Oh, ye gods!) it is the pea-fowl and the butterfly still!

Remember, *mis frere*, Narcissus was of the genus homo. And thousands of years ago ere looking-glasses had aggravated modern conceit, the innocent youth unfortunately caught sight of his face in the limpid waters of a brook, and gazed in admiration, until he died. Search the annals of mythical or historical lore, and you find no such record of folly against woman as that. Niobe was the most absurd in her boastful vanity of any one in our knowledge; but when she wept herself to stone it was not *for self*, but for the husband and sons and daughters fair, whom the remorseless Latona had caused to be slain. Coming down to the time and incidents of which I must treat, I will confess that Charlie Dashwood was an unhesitatingly, *prima facie*, handsome fellow. He was a man possessed of a collegiate education, of fair natural endowments and of extensive light reading. But what an unmitigated coxcomb he was!

A little airy, very easy, and very graceful in manners, he was the general pet of society and the dear friend and confidant of every girl who might be otherwise engaged, or to whom he did not think it worth while to make love. Love! it is so absurd to talk of the grand passion in connection with some men. And this was one of them. He could say a thousand of the nicest, happiest things to you in a single evening, but like young Lochinvar's "ne'er a true one." Women who know anything of the ways of the world soon fathomed his shallow feeling, and found it impossible to feel any abiding interest in him, while they felt flattered and pleased at his attentions. But alas for the sweet simplicity of sixteen, and thereabouts. Many a broken-hearted damsel, wept in the solitude of her chamber over promises, scarce remembered by him an hour after they were uttered! And yet, to his honor, be it said, his worst "flirtations" might always bear investigation, and the sighing maiden, if made wiser, was never thought seriously worse. In short, though there were "ladies most deject and wretched," who had—

"Sucked the honey of his music vows,"

Charlie Dashwood was in the general acceptation of the term a man of honor, and went on his way rejoicing in the pardonably egotistic fancy that he was the observed of all observers. Indeed, wanting only a heart, which seemed somehow to have been left out of his anatomy, we may say that nature had endowed him with many of her more telling gifts—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

And making the most of these in their hey day, he was sowing his wild oats broadcast at the time I speak of.

"What's up, old fellow?" asked Mortimer Vance, one afternoon, when expecting to find our hero adorned for some regular evening visit, he discovered him in a cloud of smoke with slippered feet, and curls all a tumble, lounging moodily before his chamber fire. "Loulie Norton is giving out half a dozen 'not at homes' for your especial benefit this evening."

"Loulie Norton be-*blamed*!" replied the dashing Captain, with shocking irreverence, "I'm in for it, Mort, old fellow. And I can't see what I'm to do, unless I beg for a transfer, and bolt, or rush madly beyond the fortifications, and allow myself to be taken prisoner by the enemy. Better fall into the hands of armed men any day, than be left to be dealt with by all these enraged little beauties. Will Shakespeare was right. 'Hell hath no fury, like a woman scorned!'"

"Who is going to suffer martyrdom now? Is the Norton to be dropped?" asked Mortimer Vance, coolly.

"Ah! there's the rub!" said the Captain, running his hand through his light auburn curls until they stood bolt upright on his head. "Tennie Chalmers is in town."

"The d——l, you say!" replied his friend, opening his eyes wide, and repressing a strong inclination to laugh. "What ill wind has blown her hither?"

"Following me up, don't you see, my boy? But it won't do now. It isn't to be thought of. And Loulie Norton will hear the whole story."

"Can't you manage to keep them apart, and play the double game on them, as you've done before?" asked young Vance, with a vain endeavor to look sympathetic.

"My dear boy, no," returned the other dolefully. "I've thought over every explanation that genius could devise, and I'm convinced that all the lawyers in the world couldn't get me out of it. Just think of it. Tennie Chalmers is stopping at Mrs. Armstrong's, and you know how confoundedly intimate they are with the Norton's!"

"Are you under obligations to visit Miss Chalmers again?" asked Mortimer.

"Why even I could not drop off right at once," said the Captain with something very like a blush as he twisted his moustache furiously through his fingers. "I must let her discover by degrees that I have ceased to love her."

"This being left to discover that one whom we have trusted has ceased to love us, must be a very painful thing," said Mortimer Vance with quite a serious face. "One should know one's self very thoroughly before pledging one's self in such matters."

"Don't strike at me because you see I'm down," groaned Dashwood. "You don't understand the case exactly, Vance, I see. There's no change in me, but the [illegible] my [illegible], I should have married Tennie [illegible] reached her plantation, and carried off everything like portable property; and though I told you at the time I feared she would scarcely have enough left to support us both, [illegible] I didn't exactly know [illegible] has gone as [illegible] a whistle."

"I see," said Mortimer briefly, for he could not say that he saw any very honorable or sufficient reason why.

"Less than a hundred thousand isn't to be thought of in these [illegible] times," resumed the Captain, with some of his original complacency. "Besides, when we can meet, as you and I [illegible] here, whose advantages are not half equal to mine, going at that, any time, and the demand for us daily increasing. No, no, the only way is for me to get out of town for a week or so."

"Perhaps I may be able to help you," replied Mortimer Vance slowly. "My cousin, Tom Hinton, is in town. He goes home to-morrow, on a furlough of ten days, which he expects to spend in hunting game with some fellows who are to accompany him. I am going, and my uncle, with whom I am a great favorite, will receive you with open arms, as a friend of mine; but seriously, Dashwood, I must have a promise of you before I become voucher for your good demeanor. I have some young cousins there, *fresh* and pretty girls who have never dreamed of young Lotharios like yourself. You might find them sprightly and entertaining enough to throw away some of your evenings on them, as they are coming to town this winter, and I don't care about their being initiated into the mysteries of belledom by you, so I want your word that there is to be no love-making."

"By heavens, Mortimer," said the Captain, flushing up. "Such language from any other man would be a downright insult. Am I a hungry lion, going about, seeking whom I may devour? Am I a monster of ingratitude who has no regard for the claims of hospitality or friendship?"

"Come, Dashwood," exclaimed Mortimer, seriously, "you know what I mean, and in good faith. I have a great attachment for you, despite your humbuggery; and as man to man I give you a gentleman's due in the understanding that your promise will be all I require. *For if the woman exists who has known you ten days that thinks she can rely on it, she must be*—credulous against reason."

"I wonder where I got such a reputation from?" laughed the Captain, recovering his good humor. "I believe the silly creatures will like me, though;" and he ran his fingers through his curls this time with more debonair grace. "But I should like of all things this jaunt to the country with you, especially just now, if you are quite sure that I would not be *de trop*."

"For that I can safely answer," replied his friend. "A large, rambling old house and a well-stocked larder are ever ready with a cheering welcome for the strange guest. Tom will be glad to know you. I'll take you round in the morning."

So it was arranged that Charlie Dashwood was to escape for at least a blessed ten days from the persecutions of his inamoratas. Going out on the morrow with his own furlough in pocket to be introduced to "the party," one or two of whom he was glad to find that he knew already, he stumbled by ill luck upon Tennie Chalmers, a handsomely-dressed young girl, dignified and lady-like in manner, but by no means pretty. The look of chagrin his face had worn when he caught sight of her a moment before she beheld him, was exchanged in an instant for one of tender rapture.

"You have received my card, of course," said the young lady in reproachful tones. "Why have you not called?"

"Ever unjust and suspicious, Tennie," he murmured. "I only got your note last night, and I called half an hour ago at Mrs. Armstrong's to see you, but you were out, the servant said, and I hurried down the street, hoping to meet you, for I leave town in an hour."

"Leave!" she echoed with a white face, from which all affected reserve was gone. "How unkind! Do I drive you away, Charles?"

"Oh! Tennie, will you never trust me? Darling, I shall only be gone about four weeks on a hunt with some fellows. The arrangement was made before there was a suspicion of your coming, and I would retreat from it now if I could without giving offence to my friends, though I have been very closely confined here for some time. But you will spend the winter in R——, of course. So God speed the time, dear, until I see you again."

With the statement that his friends were waiting for him just across the street, he hurried out, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed a low soft laugh.

"I did get her card yesterday, it is true," he murmured. "But heaven deliver me from a *tête-à-tête* with her just now. I am not so sure but that I like her most as well as any of them; but Miss Chalmers, the heiress, and Miss Chalmers the penniless refugee, are quite different people, and a wife without money is the severest infliction that Fate could send upon a fellow. I wish she cared a little less about me. She turned so white when I told her I was going away. 'For a month,' I cunningly stated, so I must trust to my good genius to defend me from such encounters as this for a week or so after my return. And now to finish my first *coup de main*." With this he hastened up the street, and rang the bell furiously. "Tell Miss Chalmers that Captain Dashwood wishes to see her a moment," he said to the servant.

"Miss Chalmers is out shopping, sir," replied the domestic with a bow. "She said she would not be gone long. Will you walk in and wait?"

"No, no," returned our hero with unnecessary haste. "I haven't time. I shall see her down street, perhaps. You can hand her this when she gets back;" and leaving a card, he turned off. "Now," he muttered, "I am safe for the present. She will think *that* visit was made before our encounter. But if she had come up, though, as I stood at the door!"

An hour later, as Tennie Chalmers pressed her lips to the bit of pasteboard that was hallowed in her eyes by having his name upon it, the cars bore Charles Dashwood and Mortimer Vance on their journey. It is not in the plan of our story to follow them in their rambles, or to tell how Dashwood took up his gun with a sigh, and declared hunting the "cruelest of sports," as he reluctantly left the presence of young ladies and followed his companions to the field. At the end of two weeks he returned to town, looking fresher and handsomer than ever, but by no means better prepared for the part he should be forced to play. For the first twenty-four hours he was moody and fretful.

"The deuce take Callie Hinton, with her rosy cheeks," he muttered. "I must forget her, though she is as pretty a little vixen as ever tormented a luckless fellow. The cousin of Mortimer Vance is too poor for my wife, and too good for idle love-making. Heigho! So there she goes!" And blowing away a long curve of smoke, as if he could thus exhale her image, his face brightened and he fell into a reverie. "A speedy death is best," he said at length, "so I'll wind up that affair as quickly as possible." Standing before his mirror to give the last finishing touch to his costume, he went out and called on Miss Norton. That young lady was quite a [illegible] with eight or ten brothers and [illegible] more than "fifty thousand" to be divided between them all. She received our hero with the welcome he seldom failed to meet whenever he went.

"Have you called on Tennie Chalmers to-day?" she asked at length.

"No," replied the Captain, curiously. "I have just felt like seeing any one but you [illegible]."

A week after this a servant rang the bell at his boarding-house, and presented him with a large sealed package. "No answer was expected," he was told, and he took it up to his room. It contained all his old letters and there seemed a thousand—three or four of his photographs, taken by different artists, and a pretty cluster of diamonds, which he had presented to Miss Chalmers twelve months before, when she was in the undisturbed possession of her worldly gear, as the pledge of their engagement. There was a sealed envelope directed to himself, and this was what it contained:—

"*Several* of my friends, who have been favored by your visits for the past ten days, inform me that this will reach you at your old address. Your own conduct will be a sufficient explanation of my motives for returning favors which have lost their value, since it would be the blindest of folly in me to regard them any longer as tokens of a love which I was vain enough once to dream that I possessed. I should have no right to complain, if it were possible for me to forget myself so far as to do so. May God grant you at least a heart as true as that which I had given you, long before you ever asked it.

"Still truly your friend,
"TENNIE C——."

The Captain was astonished at himself as he brushed a mist from his eyes while he read.

"It is more easily accomplished than I had thought," he said with a sigh. "But I can say this much for Tennie, that she never could be anything but a lady under the most trying circumstances. It would be downright villainy to attempt a defence which I don't mean to make good, so I shall quietly accept this dismissal. I may pretend to be angry with her, and so avoid speaking at all. That will be the best way, and she may have the consolation of fancying that she has offended me."

Mortimer Vance was amazed to find his friend keeping his room every evening for a week. At the end of that time he "told him all about it," and began to go out as usual. He passed Miss Chalmers with an angry frown on their first encounter, and on the next with a look of melancholy resignation. After that he did not see her at all. It was mid-winter when he heard that she had left Mrs. Armstrong's, and had rented an humble cottage in the suburbs of the city, which she designed occupying for some time with an aged relative who was now dependent on her for a support. Mrs. Armstrong, loud in Tennie's praises, had grown cold towards him, he thought, but he could afford to give her up, he reasoned, and his round of pleasures was undisturbed until he received the following appeal:

"I am alone in a house of Pestilence and Death. My cousin lies a corpse in the next room, and my aged uncle is dying in this with *confluent small pox*. The servants have all fled in dismay, and the neighbors shrink into their own dwellings when they have ventured out, without even passing by our door. I make no appeal to you in the name of our past friendship, as dead to us as is the miserable body that I have just quitted, but I pray you for the sake of our common humanity to come to my assistance, or send me at once some of those brave nurses who will not shrink from horrors such as I am witnessing, and which I feel are depriving me of my reason. TENNIE CHALMERS."

Captain Dashwood's superficial nature was stirred to its inmost depths. Any woman similarly situated would have had his sympathy; but a feeling of remorse was mingled with the emotions awakened by her to whom he had once solemnly plighted all the love of his heart. He did not hesitate a moment from any selfish consideration. Hurrying up town, he called at the house of one of his warmest friends, a Mrs. Aymer, a lady of position and influence, who had no children. Mrs. Aymer had a true woman's heart, full of the healthy sympathy of a noble nature. She was deeply touched by the story he related to her; and ordering her carriage, drove at once with him to the spot. The door of the house to which they were directed stood open, and one or two of the windows were hoisted. Captain Dashwood alighted and knocked several times; but as no one answered or seemed to hear him, he entered unbidden, and looked in at every door on the first floor in vain. Growing seriously alarmed, he hurried up the bare steps, and started back in horror at beholding a rigid and lifeless form extended upon a low couch, the single melancholy testimony of a recent habitation. Turning quickly to the left of the little passage, he softly opened the door of another room, and sprang forward with an exclamation of horror. Tennie Chalmers, clad in a black dress, sat on a low chair by a cottage bedstead, with her head resting upon a pillow, and her face—so white and pale—turned towards him. She seemed to have fallen asleep, or to be in a swoon. The form of the old man lay on the bed, his uncovered face disfigured to repulsiveness by this most loathsome of all diseases. Captain Dashwood, bending over him, found that life had happily become extinct. He lifted Tennie in his arms, and calling her by the old familiar name, kissed the color back into her cheeks. She had fallen asleep from the utter exhaustion of her long and dreadful vigils. He pointed to the bed, and calling up the hirelings he had brought, led her unresistingly down, assuring her that he would remain in person until the last duties to the dead were performed. Mrs. Aymer was almost motherly in her tender consideration for the stricken young creature, whom she instantly conveyed to her own house. A hasty sepulture being absolutely necessary, Captain Dashwood remained until it was performed. He then drove to one of the hospitals, ordered a bath and a fresh suit of clothes, and returned home, sad and dejected. The next morning he called on Tennie to assure her that he had attended to everything for her interest and comfort; and she, ever considerate, saw him only in Mrs. Aymer's presence.

"What is it now, Charlie?" asked Mortimer Vance, when he had spoken to him about the fourth time without receiving an answer.

"Just this, Mort, my boy. I must leave town instantly, or it will be all over with me."

"Are you in any new scrape?" asked Vance, anxiously.

"Ah! there's the rub. If it were a new one, I wouldn't mind it so much. But you see it is that poor girl, Tennie Chalmers. And if I see her again, I shall have to make it up with her. It's impossible to avoid it otherwise."

"What do you propose doing?" asked Mortimer.

"Bolting again," replied the Captain, in vulgar parlance. "Gordon, the quartermaster-general mentioned to me to-day that the commissary stores were nearly exhausted, and he must send out agents to buy up a fresh supply. As we are warm personal friends he will commission me, I know, if I hint to him that I desire it. I'll see him this morning."

"I'm off, old fellow!" exclaimed the Captain, excitedly as he came in that evening. "I'm to go down to T——, and that locality for some weeks, I am afraid I shall be dreadfully bored, though."

"T——!" [illegible] with a degree of surprise that his friend failed to observe. "It is one of the most delightful spots on earth!"

"You've been there, then," replied Dashwood, looking up. "For God's sake tell me the truth. Are the people [illegible] or do the women wear [illegible]?"

"Upon my honor," said Mortimer, laughing, "there are some as pretty girls in that little town as you would encounter in a whole day's travel through R——; and several of the citizens are immensely wealthy. A Mr. Colston has two lovely and accomplished daughters, and Mr. Shackleford has one—Miss Meta Shackleford, the sole heiress to at least two hundred thousand dollars."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled the Captain, his hair standing on end, à-la Tommie Traddles. "The very spot of all the earth I would have selected. But I must know them at once, you see. I can't lose time. How shall I manage it? Couldn't you give a letter of introduction to Miss Shackleford for example?"

"I don't know that her father would exactly like the idea of a young man introducing another young man by letter to his young and rather coquettish daughter. Gordon sends you to George Southerlin, the mayor of T——. His honor will welcome you as a gentleman of position, and he has command of the whole town, and a ready access to all grades of society. He will introduce you at once."

The Captain followed this with a score or more of questions, all of which Vance answered to the best of his ability; and the journey was prepared for with alacrity. The hundred miles of railway was soon traversed, and we find Captain Dashwood alighting from a 'bus in front of the Norton House, rather fatigued with the trip; and anything but pleased, as he was forced to confess, with the view of T—— as seen from the depot to the hotel. A night's rest, however, and a walk around the heights, restored much of his native vivacity. And any one who beheld him, standing on the pavé in front of the Norton House a few hours later, would unhesitatingly have stamped him a "lady killer" of no ordinary self-conceit. Dressed in a uniform of the finest cloth and most faultless cut, with his superb figure, and really beautiful complexion, shown to the best advantage, he was rather a striking looking person, certainly, in the quiet inland town, though few, we believe, would have been as forcibly impressed with the fact as was Dashwood himself. As he stood thus, critically surveying every passer-by, his rather listless attitude was instantly exchanged for one of eager attention as a handsome carriage, drawn by two superb bay horses, was suddenly stopped by a party of soldiers in front of him, and the beautiful face of a very young lady looked anxiously out.

"What is it, James?" she asked of a servant in livery who had dismounted.

"Madame," replied a soldier who appeared to be in command of the squad, "we are sorry to dispossess you. But the demands of the army are superior to all personal considerations; and our cavalry being sadly in need of good horses, we are sent with directions to press into service every steed of superior strength and activity that we may deem fitted for public use, and being commanded to bring in a certain number before the week is ended, we cannot in duty permit you to pass. Why these beauties would serve Alexander, or do honor to the chariot of Phœbus."

"My father would far rather pay the price of his horses than to lose them," replied the young lady, somewhat confused. "And I think he would particularly object to so summary a proceeding as the present."

"When the government demands a man's property, for his own as well as the general protection, we do not stop to consider the owner's peculiar attachments; nor should he if he be a patriot," replied the man, grimly.

The young lady stepped to the pavement, and Dashwood advancing, lifted his hat with profound reverence.

"Will you oblige me by showing me your warrant for such a proceeding, sir?" he said to the soldier.

"Willingly," replied the man. "And if you are the owner you will recognize that you will receive their full value in money by direction of the war department. It is the horses *we* want, and must have."

Dashwood received the paper in silence, and examined it carefully.

"I fear," he said softly to the young lady, "that you will be unable to proceed for the present at any rate. Perhaps it would be best for you to communicate with your father without delay."

"She will save us time and trouble by doing so at once," replied the dragoon, composedly. "He will understand what is to be done, and the matter can be arranged before the proper authorities."

The lady bowed to the soldiers, thanked Captain Dashwood with a bewitching smile, and moved off up the street again.

"Zounds, Corbett," said one of the men, "the beauty and grace of Miss Shackleford might have blinded all the eyes of Argus to every object except herself."

"I grant ye," replied the other with a gruff laugh. "But the horses were seen before the lady became visible. So much for driving about every hundred yards, when as good women as she tramp for weary miles; and some of our men, who are good-for-nothing, perhaps, leave tracks of blood in the snow. Some of our officers would give her a hearty kiss, I'll warrant you, in addition to any price her father could reasonably demand for these nags, for they are regular bloods."

"For shame, Captain," exclaimed the first voice. "You are losing reverence even for the Lares and Penates. The old Colonel furnished the uniforms of the 10th entire; and it is reported that the fair fingers of Miss Meta knitted many of their worsted helmets by her own unaided industry. Though I should tramp from Boston to San Francisco I would not have her use her pretty feet for a half mile stroll through her native village if she preferred riding."

"Was the young lady in question Miss Meta Shackleford?" asked Captain Dashwood of Mr. Norton, the proprietor, who chanced to appear at that moment.

"It was Miss Meta Shackleford, sir," he replied. "The daughter of Colonel James Shackleford."

"Then, by Jove! she was not misrepresented to me," mused the Captain delightedly. "I hardly deemed it possible that the fates could be so partial. Beauty like hers, and a great fortune, why the country is nothing to be fought for in comparison. I must lose no time in being made known to her." And indeed Fortune seemed signally to favor our hero. Going to the Mayor's office at twelve o'clock he was received most cordially; and after chatting familiarly for half an hour or so he arose to depart.

"Apropos of the little incident you mention in reference to Miss Shackleford," said his honor, smiling. "As you are a young man, Captain, and may be here some time, perhaps you would like to be introduced to some of our ladies?"

"Indeed, I could not ask of you a greater favor," replied Dashwood, earnestly.

"Then come up to my house at eight o'clock this evening," said his honor, "and I will take you around to the 'Soldiers' Aid Society,' where a good many matrons and some of our young belles meet every [illegible] to knit and sew for the army. I have a 'latch key,' and will take the liberty of admitting you."

With many thanks Dashwood returned to his room, and spent the afternoon in a careful arrangement of his toilette, and a deliberately arranged plan of deportment. At the appointed hour he repaired to the private residence of Mayor Southerlin, and a short [illegible]. There were some thirty or forty ladies present, and a pair of very black eyes being levelled at him at the door, he made for the owner, and was soon engaged in a lively discussion about the number of stitches that would be best for a new vizor. As he pleaded earnestly that it should fall to him, when finished—the handsome humbug did not tell that he had a bomb-proof position, and slept in a comfortable bed every night—he started, on glancing around, to observe the identical Miss Shackleford of his morning's adventure seated before a sewing machine just at hand, and looking across at them from time to time with evident interest. Seeking out his honor, who was engaged just then with a lively widow, he solicited the favor of an introduction to the beautiful heiress, and was soon seated at her side, where he remained perhaps a little too perseveringly during the evening.

"I think the dearest friend I have in K— is an old acquaintance of yours," he said.

"And who may that be?" asked Miss Shackleford. "I have many acquaintances there."

"I alluded especially to Mr. Mortimer Vance."

"Indeed," she returned. "I know him very well."

"He is quite a nice fellow when you understand him," replied Dashwood, half apologetically.

"So I was inclined to think," returned Miss Shackleford, with a mischievous smile, that he did not understand, lurking about her rosy lips. "He has been to T— once or twice. But I have lady friends there also. Kate Armstrong is one of them."

"I have that privilege also with you," replied the Captain not quite so confidently.

"She is a young lady of fine character."

"I have never known her superior," said the lady, warmly. "She will make us a visit during the spring."

"Now the Lord forbid!—at least until I have time to make this self-possessed little beauty fall in love with me!" thought Dashwood, fervently. "She might bring some unpleasant rumors about my heartlessness and all that. This must be a quick case—love at first sight on my part." Still sitting by her side he picked up her spools or handed her her scissors with almost womanly dexterity, and talked in all the intervals, as if he had forgotten the presence of every other person. When the meeting at length adjourned, he asked permission, as a matter of course, to see her home.

"Thank you," she replied, as she drew on her hood and cloak. "We will not be so selfish as to take a whole captain to escort one little woman. We usually form a phalanx behind Mayor Sutherlin, and he marshals us through the streets until the last one is left at her door. As there are several gentlemen to-night, however, we will divide into companies of ten—and I will be your lieutenant, if you will permit."

Perhaps Dashwood would have preferred walking with the beautiful girl alone—but as she had decided otherwise, he submitted gracefully, as he usually did—and a squad of some five or six fell to his charge. He was somewhat compensated to find Miss Shackleford remaining to the last.

"Only three doors farther," she laughed, as her friends bade her good-night. "I am afraid you have been bored, and will be delighted to have my door close on me."

Of course he protested that he had never enjoyed anything so much; and wished—except for her sake, that her house were three *leagues* off instead; and as he handed her up the steps, he asked, and obtained permission, to visit her.

He called the next evening with a bouquet; and on the third, to see her to church. Her father, a fleshy, stern-looking man, eyed him narrowly when introduced, and questioned him somewhat rudely, Dashwood thought, about his antecedents; but he kept his temper, gave in his pedigree, as one of which he was not ashamed, and evidently achieved a triumph, for he came and went after that, without interruption. *How often* he came for the next three weeks, and how regularly he remined to the last moment that etiquette would allow, we need not state. Miss Shackleford—"Miss Meta" he had begun to call her, almost from the first—seemed to welcome him with a growing cordiality; and the town talked—as he wished it to do—of his evident "smitation." In truth Dashwood fancied himself deeply in love, for the nonce; and cared not how soon she was made aware of his intentions.

Just at this stage of affairs, he was startled by a hasty summons back to R——. A man in his department was to be tried by court-martial, and his presence was indispensable. It was Sunday night when he received it; and half an hour later, he hurried up town to fulfill his engagement for church, with Miss Shakleford. Perhaps he was at heart, not sorry that he might thus be afforded a sufficient pretext for urging his suit at once. It was a little late, and Miss Shackleford met him at the door with a laughing apology.

"Why so quiet, Sir Captain?" she asked at length, as she observed the unusual silence that he had maintained. "We must be at cross purposes; for I assure you I was never in merrier humor."

"Alas! Miss Shackleford," he exclaimed, sorrowfully. "My great punishment, may, for ought I know, bring a relief to you. I have been commanded to return by the next train to R——; and a *lettre de cachet* would scarcely have filled my soul with greater terror."

"Perhaps you expect something of the kind on your arrival," she said, mischievously.

"You make a jest of my feelings," he replied, sorrowfully. "I fear you can have but little sympathy with them. And yet, Miss Meta, I have an earnest appeal to make to you." And Dashwood looked, oh! unutterable things at her, in the clear moonlight, only she did not lift her own eyes. "But as you press forward so rapidly, I will defer it until my own feelings have been tranquilized—and you, have been made more serious by the excellent sermon we shall hear."

"That will be better," she answered, with provoking naivete, "for I am half crazed with the thought that I am leader of the choir, and have no idea what I am to sing. We shall provoke even your risibles, I am afraid."

By this time they had reached the church door, and Dashwood accompanied her to the gallery. He sat a few benches beyond her, and his eyes followed her every motion with melancholy intensity. Her rich contralto voice echoed from floor to dome—and he thought truly that he had never seen a more splendid woman. He was aware that he, too, elicited his share of attention, and from time to time he shaded his face with the hand on which glittered the handsome diamond ring that poor Tennie Chalmers had worn. After the benediction, he took her arm once more through his, and passed out in silence to the slow measure of the music. She, too, seemed to be in no hurry now—and yet they were half way home before he saw fit to speak.

"Do not hasten so," he pleaded. "I would live forever in an atmosphere of poetry and love like this."

"I don't know whether it was the sermon or not, but I feel very 'serious,'" she replied, with a [illegible] half a laugh.

"Ah, Miss [illegible] why will you jest?" he cried. "[illegible] noble woman's nature [illegible] tender and sympathetic heart. You know what it is that I would [illegible] for the first time in my life [illegible] for expression. You [illegible] I love you beyond the power of my language to tell. Oh, Miss Shackleford, listen to me, and pity me, for I worship you with every drop of my blood! And I feel that this is no new thing to you. You have known that I must tell you this some day, almost from the first hour that we met."

"And yet, we have known each other but a few weeks," she said.

"Love does not measure itself by sordid Time," he urged. "It springs from the glance of an eye—quick as the lightning's flash, and sometimes as terrible in its results. Tell me not of days or weeks—I have lived through immeasurable periods since that memorable morning since I first beheld you; and yet it seems but yesterday too. Long or short, the happiness of my life depends upon you, and you alone. I can scarcely hope that my passion is returned; but, oh! do not send me away without hope for the future. Let me but think the time is coming, however distant, when I may not be an object of indifference to you, and I ask no more."

"I had expected some such confession from you," she replied, seriously. "But the earnestness with which you urge the matter, surprises me much. Will you come in?"

They had reached the door of her house—and thus bidden, Dashwood followed her into the splendidly furnished parlor.

"If a man were pleading for his life, would earnestness surprise you?" he asked. "Then be not astonished at me; for I ask of you a greater boon than mere existence?"

"Do you know that I am rather skeptical about such professions?" she replied.

"If beauty, talents, and goodness are qualities to inspire love, you would be queen of all hearts. But if—strange as it may seem—you doubt me, I only ask that you will put my affection to the test. Tell me only how I may convince you?"

"That may be a more difficult task than you think," she said. "Yet I have a proposal to make to you, which you will acknowledge is not very severe, when you have answered me a single question. You would not wish to persuade me that the affection you profess for me, has never been proffered to another?"

"My heart has had its fancies—weak and unhappy—but never the passion that you have inspired; never the joy that your faintest smile of promise can give it."

"Not even when the reign of Miss Tennie Chalmers was first inaugurated?" she asked, with a mischievous smile.

"How can you ask it!" he said, surprised and alarmed. "You are as far above every woman I have ever seen, as Heaven is above earth."

"Then, for fear your flatteries may make me vain, I will tell you my conditions. I have heard such professions before made by 'strong-tearful' men—and yet I have known them repeat the identical story to another woman, in less time than I have known you. You are to return to R—— to-night. Can I trust to your favorable remembrance for one month, do you think?"

"The last pulsation of my heart—though I become a second Ahasuerus—shall be tuneful with memories of you," he protested, earnestly.

"Then the probation upon which I shall put you, will be all the shorter, if you are sincere," she replied, with a slight smile. "You will return to your old friends this evening—bearing with you no other reminder of me—than such as is suggested by your own heart. You are not to write to me after you leave T——; and will not, of course, expect to hear from me for exactly *four weeks*. It is now ten o'clock on Sunday night. If at this hour on the fourth Sabbath from to-day, you still feel persuaded that your affection for me has not diminished, write to me, in the language your heart shall dictate—and I promise to reply, as candidly and sincerely."

"Not to hear from you—not to write to you in all that time!" he said, dejectedly. "Oh! Miss Meta, why subject me to any such restraint. You know that I shall love you, then as now!"

"It must be as I have said; or we part to-night for good and all," she replied, coldly.

"Then I must submit to your pleasure with what grace I can," he responded, tenderly. "But you will at least let me have your picture?"

"I have said not," returned Miss Shackleford. "You are to have no indications of my regard but such as you may adduce from this conversation of to-night. If you have your own photograph, however, I should be pleased to give it a place in my album."

"Thank you," he replied, earnestly. "And are we to part thus?"

"Only thus," she answered, extending her small jeweled hand. "As friends of such short standing should take leave of each other. When we meet again—but good-night."

"When we meet again," he whispered, joyfully, as he walked back to his hotel. "Ah, my proud young beauty, you are an easier conquest than I had expected."

Arriving at the Norton House, he wrote the following—as he was still in T—— while waiting to be taken to the depot:—

"In a few hours I shall be away from T——. Meta, Queen of my soul, good-by. May all Sabbaths of my life be thus sanctified with thoughts of you. I send you the photograph; would to Heaven I had yours: but a fair vision smiles at my heart, and its faultless outline naught shall ever break—and its dear lineaments neither time, nor fortune, nor distance, nor accident, shall ever efface or diminish.

"Faithfully, and forever, your own
"CHARLES DASHWOOD.

"*April 2d.*"

At noon the next day he arrived in R——. He resumed his old apartments, but was much disappointed to find that Mortimer Vance had left the city, perhaps not to return again. He wandered around, restless and feverish, for several days. He longed for some one in whom he could confide, to whom he might divulge his great expectations for the future. But, as he could not go to any of his old loves, he locked the secret in his own breast for the time at least, and tried to work. Day after day passed slowly on, and, in his impatience, he thought the four weeks never would expire. At length, however, the stipulated evening arrived, and listening anxiously, he finally took up his pen.

"SUNDAY EVENING, 10 o'clock.

"Ten o'clock is sounding from a dozen brazen throats over the city, and the hands of the watch upon the table before me point to the fulfilling of time. I have watched for it as the criminal under condemnation looks for the coming of a reprieve. Oh, Meta, my angel, it is the old old story. How shall I tell it you anew? How can I hope to interest you if I have already failed to do so? does your heart await this renewed declaration? Oh, sweet! believe in me. It is a happy thing to win a woman's love, but more glorious still to win her confidence—to have her trust, to wear her smile of approbation even on an aching and unsatisfied heart. I come to you, then, armed and mailed with the words of courage and resolution that you have given me, to be henceforth guided in all things by your counsel—a counsel, heavenly let me believe it, as it is at once gentle and heroic. Let me perform your commands—let me have the honor of doing so, that above all I may claim your good opinion and wear it as the proudest ornament of a manly resolution. What shall I do? How best please you? These are the questions that attend me, and that shall, henceforth, believe me, Meta, constitute my tenderest and supremest concern. So give me your commands freely—I shall be honored by them. I want them for my guides, my inspirations—the reflections by which to sum up the actions of each day, the attendants of each hour, the lingering thoughts that each night shall transport me to sleep. Write me of your wishes, your preferences; give me the indications of your own pure spirit, teach me the loyalty of a true love, such as the noble woman commands as her tribute, and admits to the most sacred and the purest altars of her heart. I entreat your confidence, give it to me as one solicitous to serve, and proud to obey. Write me to-day, now (if only a line), at all times. Tell me when I may come to you, and fall at your dear feet to claim you as the priceless reward of my great, deathless love. And bid me come at once, for this suspense is worse than death. I shall await your promised answer with an impatience that has never been equalled. Have compassion, I pray you. It would be mockery to pretend anew my continued regard. And you, ah, Meta! my heart whispers me that you do not require it. This simple thought has flooded my soul with a great light, an unseen joy walks with me, I breathe a new atmosphere. And you would ask me, gentle catechist, if 'I love you still?' I might answer with a commonplace piece of poetry, or with a hundred excuses of language; but, Meta, my Meta, let me, with invocation to the God of truth above us, say in simple love, 'I do love you.' Ah! how can I write deliberately to you? It seems that I can only pour out my soul in single words, 'darling!' 'darling!' darling!' all language seems faulty and imperfect but this one tender wail of my heart. I had a thousand things to say to you; but I am brief and confused on this cold sheet of paper. I close with the prayer that has gone forth to you for these four long weeks. Let me come to you. Tell me when I may greet you a bride, never more to speak that hateful word adieu. Till then, my love, good-night. Yours, eternally, C. D."

Reading over this amorous epistle quite complacently, our hero retired, but it was late ere he fell asleep. Five days of anxious expectancy dragged their slow length along, and on the fifth his heart bounded tumultuously as he received a tiny perfumed envelope from the hands of the carrier. The clearly defined, faultless caligraphy was easily read as print, and a proud smile illumined the Captain's handsome face. A modest, but spicy, preface assured him of the pleasure she had experienced in the perusal of his eloquent and impassioned declaration, and, while confessing that he had not been forgotten, chided him for the usurped license he had taken in using her name so frequently "without the conventional handle." "A custom which I must deprecate even in the intercourse of lovers" she wrote, "though I must confess that it is one usually more honored in the breach than in the observance." Alluding briefly to her loneliness after his departure, she congratulated him on the success with which he had triumphed over the allotted time of absence, and declared he had come out of the ordeal so bravely that she had determined to surprise him by a frank and ready compliance with the closing requests of his letter. Her father had been bitterly opposed to her marriage, but she had assured him of her earnestness before his letter came, and had gained his consent to the bestowal of her hand on the object of her choice in just two weeks time. She had appointed the evening of the 10th for her marriage, when he might have the happiness, if he esteemed it such, to greet her by another name than that which her dear father had bestowed upon her twenty years ago.

Astonished beyond measure, Dashwood read and reread this letter. At first he could scarcely credit his senses, but there were the unmistakable words in her own beautiful hand, "he might salute her as a bride in just two weeks." She would not write again as she was to see him so soon, she said in closing. But this did not prevent him from dispatching to her, the next day, four crowded sheets of impassioned gratitude and devotion. He rushed to his tailor, and confiding to him the secret that he was to be married, in but little more than a week, to an heiress of half a million, ordered six exquisite new suits of clothes, with whole dressing cases of underwear, at the most exorbitant prices. As he had no time to lose, and Mortimer was still perdu, he called on Richard Weston and Mark Turpin, two old friends, and told them the story of his good fortune; at the same time gaining their consent to accompany him to his marriage. On the morning of the 8th he took the train for T—— with them. They were a merry party for some hours, until wearied with jests Dashwood walked back into the ladies' car and started to behold Kate Armstrong.

"I am so glad to see you, Captain," she said holding out her little hand, "you are on your way also, if I mistake not, to the marriage of our mutual friend, Miss Shackleford?"

"I believe so," replied the Captain, with a knowing smile.

"She has hurried up the affair much sooner than was originally intended" said the young lady, "because Mr. Vance is in a post of so much greater danger. You are an especial friend of the groom, I think?"

"I don't know that I understand you exactly," said Dashwood turning strangely pale, and feeling all at once as if the cars were running off the track and whirling over and over down some steep embankment.

"Why, you surely know that she is to marry Mr. Mortimer Vance!" exclaimed Miss Armstrong looking up wonderingly. "She, Meta, wrote me a few days ago that you were to be first groomsman."

We will not attempt to paint Dashwood's vexation and dismay when he had read the letter alluded to and became assured of the fact. He knew in a moment that his own blind conceit had deluded him. He sat for some time silent and crest fallen, and when the train next halted, he slipped quietly out and waited for the return cars, sending a dispatch to Miss Shackleford that business of vital importance in B——, just then remembered, would prevent him from being with her, and wishing her all happiness with his worthy young friend. Reaching home in the afternoon he rushed precipitately into Mrs. Aymer's parlor, and demanded an interview with Miss Chalmers. He threw himself at her feet, and penitently begged to be restored to favor, protesting that he could not live another hour if she did not promise to marry him the very next day. Poor Tennie was thrown into rapturous tears, and, after much importunate entreaty, yielded a blushing consent. They were married at sunrise the next morning, and passing through T—— on their tour, astonished all parties by their presence at the wedding of Mortimer Vance and Miss Shackelford.

"What a turn he has served us!" exclaimed Dashwood's friends, as he introduced his wife. There were many to whom the affair ever remained a mystery, but Mrs. Mortimer Vance, kindly siding in the deception, whispered Dashwood as she passed him:

"I had heard the story of your love for her, and you have done as I wished. The secret is known only to you and me; let us keep it."

In a few weeks Dashwood and his lady returned to B—— and occupied a splendidly furnished house that had been a bridal present from Mrs. Aymer. The Captain seemed a little low at first, but soon recovered his usual spirits, and appears in society the gayest of the gay, since Mrs. Dashwood has recovered the bulk of her original property. He is said to be rather more of a flirt than the majority of wives might like to find their husbands. But Mrs. Dashwood is acknowledged by all parties to be supremely happy in his affection.

TAMED WILD BEASTS.

Lions, Tigers, Camels, Elephants and other Insects of the Menagerie.

What They Cost, How They are Fed and Treated, and all About Them.

That we may do our part toward satisfying that very natural curiosity of most intelligent persons, to learn what they may concerning the manners and customs, habits and doings, daily lives and nightly conduct of the various beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes which in common with themselves, possess and inhabit the earth and serve to render our own particular globe one teeming mass of ever-varied life, we have been at some pains to collate the following facts concerning such animals as, being classed with the *feræ naturæ*, or wild beasts, are only captured at great cost, and retained in their captivity with the greatest difficulty.

THE MENAGERIES.

In short, we propose to give our readers, and especially our out-of-town patrons, whose wondering eyes will shortly be delighted by the sight of those wandering menageries from which they must for the most part gather all their knowledge other than can be gleaned from books, of those strange monsters who have their habitation in other lands than ours, some idea of the cost of catching, training and maintaining the lions, elephants, tigers and other "curious cattle" that go to make up the attractiveness of a modern wild-beast show.

With the huge monsters of the olden times we have nothing to do. To the great regret of scientific naturalists the last man who had the pleasure of enjoying a personal interview with the "Megatherium," the "Megalosaurus," the "Icthyo"—chap of the same surname—or even with the "Dinornis," or the "Dodo" of comparatively recent extinction, has long since vanished from the face of the earth, taking with him all his knowledge of his contemporaneous natural history. But respecting some of the strange beasts co-existent with ourselves we will endeavor to give some facts and figures of interest.

EXPENSES.

The amounts of money invested in the exceedingly precarious business of importing and exhibiting in this country wild animals whose nature and habits are all attuned to other climates and countries, and whose habits are but imperfectly understood, must seem really amazing to those who have never made special inquiry into the subject. The cost, too, is now a hundred per cent. greater than it was eight or ten years ago, owing to the increased price of all sorts of necessary supplies, and the necessity of now paying much higher wages to all employés than before the war.

The mere cost of fitting out a first-class travelling menagerie for the road, without taking into account the value of a single animal intended for exhibition, is over $100,000. This comprehends the cost of tents, baggage wagons, cages, poles, ropes, seats, road horses, lamps, banners, chariots, band wagon, printing, engraving, etc., etc. The additional cost of the animals and the curiosities depends of course upon the number of the cages and the completeness of the entire establishment.

RARE BEASTS.

There are at present in the United States about a dozen so-called menageries. Of them, but three or four possess really good collections of animals, and in no single one are certain of the rarer beasts to be found at all. One solitary specimen of the giraffe is living in the country, and the only hippopotamus ever brought alive to America died ten years ago, and his stuffed skin now ornaments an up-town museum. It may be interesting to note that no less than three showmen were made rich by the exhibition of this one huge unwieldly brute, and so convinced are all men in the business of the sure and certain return of huge profits from an investment in a "hippo," that for years there has been a standing offer for one of these monsters living and in good health, a sum which any one of half-a-dozen responsible men stands ready to pay on the very day that Mr. H. is introduced.

It is asserted, however, that with the exception of this individual specimen all other importations of the more delicate animals have proved disastrous failures, and the showmen have lost heavily.

Several hippopotami, a score of giraffes, and hundreds of the more rare and fragile antelopes and other animals most susceptible to the influences of climate, have been brought from their native wilds to this country, but the keen cold of our inhospitable climate has ruthlessly slaughtered them so speedily, that it is asserted no manager ever has got a full return of his money thus invested.

One well-known firm lost in a single season $40,000 of valuable imported animals. Happening to encounter several weeks of rainy inclement weather, the poor brutes died rapidly off in spite of all that could be done for them. The custom-house duties on this particular invoice alone amounted to several thousand dollars. Lions, leopards and Bengal tigers, together with other similar property, are very properly considered by the Government as articles of luxury, only to be indulged in by men of wealth, and they are taxed accordingly.

THE IMPORTATION.

The importation of wild beasts and other curiosities for exhibition is a regular business, in which several wealthy firms have for many years been engaged. These men are not, as a rule, engaged in exhibiting animals, or interested in any of the many shows before the public—they are simply wholesalers in the wild-beast trade, and stand in the same relation to the menagerie proprietor that the importer of teas by the cargo does to the corner groceryman, who sells by the half pound. He procures his wares from the ends of the earth, and then sells to the highest bidder. They keep a large force of men constantly employed in foreign countries, especially in Africa, India and South America, as the tropics furnish by far the greater part of their of stock. Indeed, there are scarcely half a dozen specimens that come from the colder countries: when we have mentioned the polar bear, the reindeer, the sea lion, arctic fox, musk ox and the various seals, we have pretty nearly exhausted the list.

These men are constantly engaged in securing what may be termed the staple articles of their stock, such as elephants, lions, tigers, leopards, the rhinoceros, "grate snaix," etc., etc. Sometimes special expeditions are organized for the capture of particular animals, as has been done for the hippopotamus and the gorilla. As to this last amiable brute, though a full-grown one alive would be a fortune for a score of men, all efforts to bring one from his native forests and to induce him to accept a life among human Christians, have utterly failed. The animal is perfectly untamable; even baby gorillas, taken from the mother's bosom, will either sulk and starve themselves, or will wear out their infant lives in the maddest and most ungovernable paroxysms of rage.

DIFFICULTIES.

One enterprising manager had an agent in the interior of Africa engaged with a band of native savages endeavoring to capture a hippopotamus. For two whole years his efforts were in vain—the animals were plenty enough, but were always wounded in the capture, or died immediately afterward. At last there came a letter from Cape Town with the good news that the agent had secured a fine two-year-old half-grown hippopotamus, which, together with a white rhinoceros (an animal never seen in this country), he had succeeded in transporting from the interior to the coast, and was going to place them on board ship immediately, and would land them in New York alive, if it was within the possibilities. Both animals, however, died on the passage, and the persevering agent has spent another two years in his endeavors, but as yet has nothing to show for his time or his money.

A travelling menagerie can never, no matter how lavish the expenditure, present so complete a show as may be collected in a zoological garden, such as may now be seen at London, Paris, Berlin, or other European cities, and which we hope, before many years, to see rivalled, if not excelled, by a similar museum in our own Park. Certain animals will not bear transportation about the country and live for even a few days, others sicken in a few weeks and have to be removed to quiet quarters, and the food of still others is so peculiar that it could not be with certainty provided in sufficient quantity at all the many towns which dot the summer route of a travelling wild-beast show. So, perforce, all animals coming under these three categories can be only seen in a permanent zoological exhibition, where the peculiarities of their respective climates can be successfully imitated; where their habits can be studied and humored, and where appropriate food can be always found in sufficient abundance.

A HUNGRY GORILLA.

This difficulty of procuring proper food in the great quantity called for by the inordinate appetite of the gorilla, has, it seems, been the great drawback to the transportation of that estimable simian safely from Africa to Europe. Du Chaillu, or one of his agents, having secured an unusually amiable specimen, whose alimentiveness was so much more fully developed than his combativeness that he thought more of eating than of fighting other people or pounding himself to death, he was put on shipboard with what was considered a proper supply of sugar cane, tender branches of various succulent plants, certain roots and fruits suited to his most fastidious taste, and was started for Liverpool. Being deprived of congenial society, however, and having nothing to do other than to attend to his gastronomic desires, Mr. Gorilla soon commenced such a tremendous onslaught on the food provided for him, that ere he was literally "half seas over" his entire stock of provisions was consumed. Bread, potatoes, hard tack, and salt horse were tried by the sailors, while the entire cabin commissariat was ransacked for acceptable grub. Even plum duff failed to please his dainty stomach, and he soon succumbed, and died nineteen days out of port. No such promising specimen has since been captured, and a living gorilla is a gentleman as yet uninterviewed by any white men save Du Chaillu, Gordon Cumming, and other mighty hunters of similar aspirations and experiences.

ELEPHANTS.

An elephant costs from $5000 to $8000 for what are called small ones, up to $12,000 for a very large one. The price is, however, naturally somewhat affected by the age, docility and education of the specimen; an animal that has been taught to go through an interesting series of tricks may, though small, be more valuable than a much larger one whose early schooling has been neglected. A very large one was sold for $5000 a few years since, but the lowness of the price was in a great measure due to the fact that for certain disabilities of age, etc., he was considered unable to bear the fatigues of constant travel.

LIONS.

There are but few specimens of fine lions in the country, probably the largest pair being two that were at one time said to be the finest in all Europe, but which were secured by an American manager and brought to this country. The price was $7500 in gold. Single animals bring from $1200 to $2500 each, according to age, size and education. Those born in the cage have formerly been considered more docile and tractable than those reclaimed from their native plains, but certain occurrences of late years have led showmen to distrust them as being almost beyond belief false and treacherous. In the case of Massarté, the wretched man, who, a few months ago, was literally torn to pieces and almost devoured alive in the very presence of an audience in England by his own troupe of "tamed and trained animals," the original attack was made on him and the first blood drawn by a lion that had been born in the show, "brought up by hand," and fed from the day of its birth by the very man whom it was afterward the first to strike and slay.

THE RHINOCEROS.

A rhinoceros costs from $8000 to $10,000, and is always a most attractive feature of the exhibition. At the Zoological Gardens in London has lately been received what is known as the "double-horned Sumatran" rhinoceros, the great peculiarity of which is that it is covered with hair, instead of having the usual sole-leather trunk look of the more familar species. This particular specimen the like of which was never seen before in England, cost in Calcutta £1000 sterling, or $5000 in gold, to which must be added the cost of transportation, attendants, food on shipboard, before the sum at which the ugly beast is valued can be definitely arrived at.

OTHER ANIMALS.

A fine pair of royal Bengal tigers, fresh from the Indian jungle, were sold lately for $7,000. This royal tiger, be it known, is a very rare and beautiful animal, always advertised, though seldom seen, some inferior one of the huge felines, generally a panther, being made to personate the noble beast.

A panther, young and healthy, will command about $2,500 to $3,000, and a pair, male and female, if they agree and can be exhibited in the same cage, are worth probably $6,000.

Leopards, though very beautiful and graceful, have not the large size and formidable look of their larger confreres, the lion and tiger, and being consequently not so attractive a feature in the exhibition, can be bought for much less money, being worth about $2,500 to $3,000 a pair.

Ordinary camels are worth about $600 each, if young, strong and in good health. Four years ago a pair of very fine white camels were imported, being the first of that breed ever seen in this country. After having travelled through the country for a single season they were purchased for the manager to whom they now belong for the handsome sum of $6,000.

The smaller animals, especially the monkeys, are very expensive. Monkeys from Africa are by far the most valuable, those from South America not bearing acclimatization well, but soon dying of consumption. Monkeys have no fixed price, but cost according to the species (of which there are many), the age, size, state of health and scarcity of them in the market. Hundreds of them are, like parrots, cockatoos, and other strange birds, brought from foreign lands by sailors as favorite pets. A shrewd man may often, in a morning's stroll along the docks, pick up a fine bargain in mischievous monkeys, or strange, bright-colored tropical birds.

Others of the smaller animals, such as opossums, raccoons, squirrels, peccaries, marmots, ant-eaters, together with the less rare and valuable birds, such as paroquets, cranes, ibises, owls, eagles, vultures, hawks, etc., have no fixed market price; but are usually picked up singly as chance bargains, or "thrown in to boot" or makeweight in some agreement for other and more costly animals.

OSTRICHES.

Ostriches are considered worth $800 to $900 a pair. These are usually hatched from the eggs under the domestic goose or other tame bird, and then reared with the greatest care to maturity. It is almost impossible to capture a full-grown ostrich without inflicting injuries so severe that it soon dies. These huge birds do not bear with hardihood our climate, and the necessary confinement of the exhibition, but in a few months, or years at most, pine, grow emaciated, and die. In travelling, they have to be watched continually with the most unremitting care to see that the inquiring country-boy, in his thirst for knowledge, does not feed the bird with nice little lunches of railroad spikes, or dainty repasts of old horse-shoes and tenpenny nails. The eager bumpkin dispenses to the ostrich these dainties with a liberal hand, in accordance with certain travellers' stories he has read, which inform him that delicacies of the metallic art are his favorite food. The truth is, that the ostrich is a very foolish, as well as an exceedingly greedy bird, and really will snap up and swallow down stones, bits of iron, or almost anything else that is given it, but it can no more digest such things than a human stomach can digest a blacksmith's anvil or a twenty-inch cannon. So, if the stupid bird is not carefully watched and saved from the kindness of his horseshoe bestowing friends, he will speedily die of a surfeit of old iron, India-rubber shoes, worn-out hoop skirts, rusty telegraph wire, and such similar sweet morsels as suggest themselves to the liberal rustic mind as being appropriate gastronomic gifts. Their proper food is meat.

While on the route the strictest attention and the greatest care must be given to all the animals. Some must be kept in warm, comfortable cages; others must be kept as cold as possible; all of the bear varieties come in the last-named class. Their food must be varied, of course, according to their several requirements, and should always be ready at a certain hour, else the poor brutes suffer both in health and temper.

HOW THEY EAT.

Of course the lions, tigers, leopards, and all that are known as the "cat animals" must be fed with raw meat. A first-class menagerie will consume from 300 to 500 pounds of beef per day for this class of animals.

Elephants eat from 500 to 700 pounds of hay each per day. It being a universal pastime with sight-seeing people to feed the elephants, they are generally kept pretty busy during exhibition hours munching apples, gingerbread, and other free gifts of the many-headed public.

Camels are fed on hay, oats, and corn, of which the allowance for one camel is about as much again as for a horse.

Giraffes receive hay, oats, and corn, also are allowed, when feasible, to help themselves to the tender twigs of certain trees.

Bears are given bread and vegetables, very seldom or never receiving meat.

The sea lions will each devour one hundred pounds of fish per day. The seals and the otters are also fed with fish, which should be from the salt sea, inasmuch as even a few days' diet on fresh-water fish will cause these dainty animals to grow thin and pine away.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

To train a "happy family" of beasts and birds of opposite natures to live harmoniously together, much time and patience are requisite. The first thing is to supply each and every one with the amplest sufficiency of its own favorite food, so there will be no temptation to attack a cage mate in order to make a meal of him. Then those that are inclined to pitch into their inferiors for the mere fun of having a fight, or out of the mere love of bullying, are watched and punished until each one concludes the best policy is, "Let us have peace."

TAMING.

All wild animals are tamed only by brute force and by keeping constantly before them the unget-overable fact that man is the master and they must submit. Even though brought up from infants in constant companionship with man, like kittens, as they grow older the savage nature will inevitably show itself, and the heavy whip, or even more cruel expedients, must be resorted to. Loaded whips, pitchforks, rods of iron, and sometimes even red-hot bars of steel, are required to bring them to obedience and a proper sense of duty; not unfrequently it is necessary, especially in the case of the elephant, to invoke also the aid of hunger, and several days' starving is sometimes necessary to subdue a particularly sulky and obstinate brute.

DANGER OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.

The feat of going into a cage of "performing animals" has been growing unpopular for years, and since the killing of Massarté in England and the narrow escapes of two "lion tamers" in America within a few months, the people are less inclined than ever to witness a fellow being risk his life for their amusement. The man is always in danger—no matter how well trained the animals, or how courageous and powerful the "tamer;" he takes his life in his hand when he steps into the den, and he is not safe again until the heavy iron door clangs behind him as he goes out. The pay of these poor fellows for the tremendous risk they run was ever most inadequate and ridiculous, $50 to $75 a week and expenses being the most they ever received, unless as perhaps a partner in the exhibition. There should be a law prohibiting such displays, and should they not cease by the voluntary act of the performers themselves such a statute will doubtles be speedily enacted.

In the winter the entire menagerie is always housed in convenient and comfortable quarters, generally near some city where the attendants can procure proper food and in every other way look after the health and comfort of their valuable charges.

The entire amount of capital invested in menagerie property in the United States, including not only the animals, but all the apparatus and material requisite for their transportation and exhibition, may be fairly estimated at over two millions of dollars.—*Neal Mac Neil, in Evening Mail.*

☞ Jones assumes, on coming home to dinner, the bearing of an outraged husband: "Why is it, Mrs. Jones, that you ride through Wall street in the very equipage I am struggling to maintain for you at high charge, and cut your husband?" Mrs. Jones, at once reassures him. "You certainly would not have your wife, from a five thousand dollar barouche, bow to a man who is at work for his living!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Johnny Varden, a brother of Dolly's, it is estimated, will supply the name for the latest in gentlemen's suits.

☞ An ingenious housekeeper in Illinois has invented a new "combination jimmy," and wants to know why in thunder he can't secure a patent on it.

☞ Chicago is agitated just at present over the question: "Shall the police captains wear plug hats?"

☞ A "beautiful blonde" female preacher is stirring up something like religious feeling in Georgia.

☞ About 1000 journalists will attend the Boston Jubilee in a dead-head capacity. A grand chorus is suggested.

☞ "Look out for the U. S. Ass." Thus does a Virginia paper refer to an advertisement put into its columns by a Federal assessor.

☞ Ithaca has an Epaminondas street. Small boys, lisping girls, and bashful people move away from it because they can't tell where they live.

☞ An East Saginaw, Michigan, jury wished to bring in a verdict in poetry.

☞ Tim (struck with admiration):—"Thee'st gotten a fine pair o' new boots there, Joe; who made 'em?"—Joe: "Nobody made 'em, fool; I bought 'em ready-made!" A fact.

☞ The latest thing in spring hats for young ladies is to have the rim so bent and crumpled as to be strongly suggestive of a late supper, and a lively dance afterwards. Jaunty, but not judicious!

☞ Young ladies who are married according to the old-fashioned ceremony, falter a little now when they come to the word "obey." The latest dodge, however, is to repeat in indistinct tones and rapid manner, "Love, honor and be gay." Many a guileless youth gets fooled in this manner.

☞ Progressive teacher to pupil of the period—"Mary Jane Hooker, just take that chewing gum right out of your mouth. Little girls who chew gum in school need never expect to become President of the United States."

☞ A flock of wild geese was seen flying southward yesterday. According to the "oldest inhabitant" this indicates an early winter. Farmers who have not finished planting will do well to see if these geese go north again; for if they do not there will be no use in trying to raise anything this summer, and linen clothes can remain in the valise.—*Cleveland Leader.*

☞ Charles Nordhoff says: "If you have been on a street car when it ran off the track and was dragged over the cobbles, you may easily know the sensation of a California earthquake."

☞ A curious accident occurred at a Dublin race. Two gentlemen were galloping in opposite directions, when the heads of their horses struck full tilt together, and both horses were killed, the riders being thrown into the air.

☞ A prominent church member had become so accustomed to asking the name of the authors of the numerous books presented for sale by book agents, that the other day, when one called with a new edition of the Bible, he looked at it a few moments and then asked, "Who is it by?"

☞ A rural reporter says a procession timed their steps "to the dulcet notes of the mellow drum." Mellow drum is good.

☞ The fire-bells rang in Dubuque to kill a rattlesnake.

☞ The first ark-tick explorers—Noah's bedbugs.

☞ In Prescott, Arizona, eggs are down to $1.25 per dozen.

☞ Owing to a decision on the part of eminent German savants that sensibility does not cease in the head for several hours after it has been severed from the body, the Emperor William has determined that decapitations shall no longer be inflicted in the Empire.

☞ Fresh meat absorbs impurities of the atmosphere, and should be kept in clean, neat places.

O That I Were Beautiful! is the unspoken wish of thousands of women to whom nature has denied the charm of a pure, fresh, transparent complexion. To gratify this wish Hagan's Magnolia Balm was introduced. The cosmetics of the day had been pronounced poisonous by the most distinguished chemists, and it was also found that their ultimate effect was to wither the skin as well as to paralize the external nerves. The ladies hailed with delight the advent of a healthful, herbal and floral preparation capable of imparting to their faces, necks and arms a porcelain smoothness and a tinge like that of the finest oriental pearl. They soon discovered that it was a "new thing under the sun," incomparable and unapproachable. Unquestionably the Magnolia Balm has been the great toilet success of the present century.

☞ A drunken Scotchman, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, when a pig found him, and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared, "Wha's kissing me noo? Ye see what it is to be weel liked amang the lasses."

Rupture.—We again call the attention of all afflicted with Hernia to the easy and effectual remedy afforded by the Elastic Truss. The high commendation it is receiving from all quarters shows how readily this invention (so complete and so much needed) will supersede all torturing metal instruments. We advise all sufferers to send for a descriptive circular to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.
ap27-13t

☞ The local editor of the Jacksonville Journal wrote, the other day, an item to the effect that "winter was lingering in the lap of spring," but the managing editor cut it out. He said the idea was good enough, and original, and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish, because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of seminary girls.

My Friend, stop that terrible cough, and thus avoid a consumptive's grave by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For curing all throat, bronchial and lung diseases it has never been equaled. Sold by druggists. 509

How We Used to be Physicked.

Who does not remember the time when Spring purgation was considered indispensable to summer health? No matter for wry faces, the inevitable salts and senna, rhubarb, or calomel and jalap, must be administered. These "spring medicines" the youngsters were told, were to keep them hale and hearty during the summer. We all know now that this was a fallacy; that new vigor, not depletion, is what is required at the commencement of the summer solstice. As a preparation for the enervating effects of oppressive summer weather, a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is highly expedient. This famous vegetable preparation has three prominent properties: It renovates, purifies and regulates all the functions of the body. It is composed exclusively of pure vegetable productions, viz.: The essential principle of Monongahela Rye, and the most efficacious tonic and alterative roots, barks, and gums known to medical botanists. Hence it is an absolutely safe medicine, and no tincture of the Pharmacopoeia can compare with it either in purity, or in the variety of its objects, and its comprehensive results. Happily for mankind, the theory that it was necessary to prostrate a patient in order to cure him, is forever exploded, and the true philosophical doctrine, that vigor is the great antagonist of disease, has taken its place. Hostetter's Bitters is an invigorant, and hence it is the proper medicine for the feeble at this most trying season of the year.

Be sure that you obtain the genuine article, as there are innumerable vile imitations in the market. Look to the ornamental stamp, the engraved label, and the name blown into the glass. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is sold in bottles only. 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan

Use Perry's Moth & Freckle Lotion. The well known reliable and harmless remedy for Removing Brown Discolorations of the Face.

Depot, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by every Druggist in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. [illegible]

SKIN DISEASES.

Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure Flesh Worms, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations of the Face.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere. [illegible]

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of The Lady's Friend have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers [illegible]

[illegible]

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

UNA AND HER LOVER.
[illegible]

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc. etc.

ONLY A WISH.
[illegible]

MISSION WORK.
[illegible]

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
[illegible]

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of The Lady's Friend are of a very superior character. [illegible]

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music, [illegible]

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, The Lady's Friend aims to be, and is [illegible]

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, ... [illegible]

1 Copy of the Lady's Friend and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post [illegible]

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, The Saturday Evening Post, [illegible]]

[illegible]

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS.

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, billious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

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Burnett's Cocoaine dresses the hair perfectly without greasing, drying, or stiffening it.

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sends his "Family Physician" 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may.3-1y

[illegible]
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, . . . [illegible]
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post [illegible] and One of the Lady's Friend [illegible] for [illegible].
☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.
☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different post-offices, if desired.
☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the rest of the club.
☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend are always to entirely different.
☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks payable to our order.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

DOLLY VARDEN.

The *raison d'être* of the Dolly Varden costume is exclusively French. This is hardly to be expected from a superficial view of the matter, the dress being christened after a heroine of Dickens, who indeed appears in one of similar stuffs, of the cut now worn. But be it known that the genuine stuffs of which the real Dolly Varden is made are of French manufacture, and that French manufacturers had a monopoly of the process by which all those charming chintzes with buds, leaves and bouquets of flowers scattered over a plain ground are made. Their very name, French calico, implies this. Ten and fifteen years ago they were in excessive demand and the daintiest lady did not disdain one of them made up into a morning dress with borders *à disposition*. But with us the war had a good deal to do with driving *robes de chambre*, morning wrappers and everything in dress suggestive of laziness and stay-at-home leisure, out of fashion. There was so much rushing to and fro, so much to do, that our women soon learned the trick of economizing their time. It was found much more convenient to put one's street dress on the first thing in the morning and thus be ready for all emergencies. Besides a dainty morning wrapper is suggestive of home life, of a carefully arranged breakfast room and a lingering in getting over the breakfast-table, and we all know but too well how the war broke up this sort of thing. Our women having once learned the habit of being business-like and independent, have been slow to unlearn it. With the most of them the old style of dress, which contributed so much to keep them indoors—since they could not go out without fussing for an hour or so over a complete change of outer clothing—is but a relic of the past. They have learned the value of time and healthfulness of frequent out-door exercise so that the costume which presents the least bar to going out of the house at all hours of the day, as occasion demands, without preparation, is inevitably the most popular.

Efforts have been made of late to revive the old-fashioned wrapper. I sincerely hope it will not succeed. It is fit only for invalids and for those who have plenty of leisure time on their hands, and to whom an hour spent in dressing is no loss. The wardrobe of every woman should include one or two of them, but with the express understanding that they are only to be held in reserve for emergencies. No dress should be worn habitually which prevents free egress into the street, or garden, or the forest. Quite time enough is taken up in changing the shoes and in putting on hat, mantle and gloves. If exercise out of doors has to be preceded by elaborate preparation, it will gradually fall into disuse. A woman wearing a long morning dress, while standing at the door or the window, is seized with a sudden impulse to take a walk. "But then my dress!" It is not a proper one out of the house, and she doesn't want to have the trouble of taking it off just for half an hour or so, consequently the walk is postponed.

There is no bondage more intolerable than that of the slavery of dress.

But to return to the Dolly Vardens.

Since morning dresses went out of fashion, the manufacture of French calicoes has languished. The decided preference given to solid colors in all dress goods for some years past has contributed to ruin this specialty. During the present distress in France the French, who so long have given the word in fashions, have bethought themselves that this industry is exclusively in their hands, and during the past winter they have been trying to popularize those figured chintzes. There have been two classes whose opposition to this project has been earnest. First—All women of good taste and artistic instinct who understand that mixed colors and designs in a fabric confuse outline and form. Second—The dress-makers, who know that a figured stuff will not bear such elaborate trimming as a plain one. Seeing that the feminine face was set against a return to the long morning robe, almost the only one in which these figured chintzes would be utilized, an effort was made to place them in accord with the prevailing mode by making them up into the piquant paletots, or long overdresses all in one piece, which have been christened Dolly Varden.

A little judicious management has succeeded in giving the novelty a temporary attraction, and the manufacturers and workmen in France trust that a great demand for them will be created. This is the true but secret history of everything in the Dolly Varden line. I have called these chintzes charming; they are so in themselves, but there being so when made up into dresses is another thing.—*Howard Glyndon in the New York Mail.*

The Girl Full of Needles Outdone.

An exchange states that this time it is a soldier. The girl full of needles is not even mentioned. The soldier is a New Yorker, and during the war he was shot through the body. The bullet on its way carried a gold pen and silver pencil case with it, and left them somewhere in the body in a scattered condition. Now comes the extraordinary part of the story. About six months ago he had a great pain in his left leg, and it was stiff for a month. In feeling around his heel one day he felt something hard; he commenced to pull at it, and he dragged from the heel a crowbar three feet in length. Shortly afterward a twelve-inch telescope issued from his armpit. And ever since that time every day or two some handsome piece of machinery has issued from his body. On last Friday twenty silver half dollars were taken from the first joint of his left arm. Some of his friends talk of killing him, to find out if he hasn't a machine shop, a jewelry store and a silver mine hid away in his somewhere.

☞ An Eastern exchange has this creature:—"In our paragraph yesterday [illegible] who had been [illegible] in infancy, for [illegible] and [illegible].

A PRISONER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MINNIE MAY.

Did you ever feel that a pair of eyes,
Brown and soft and sweet,
Far too soft and sweet,
Had awakened you with a sad surprise,
From a blissful dream of peace?

Did they ever haunt you from day to day,
With a thought you could not drown,
Nor yet suppress,
Nor giving you a rest which ever way,
Your poor heart turned for ease?

Did you ever say that you would not love?
Yet a brown, brown eye,
A rare sweet brown eye,
Wooed and mocked you like a cooing dove,
With a bliss too full of pain?

Did you ever find a captive like that
Pale, before brown eyes,
Gentle, and so wise!
Not to love, never to love, vowed like that?
So loved and yet not love again?

Oh, I have struggled long! at last I yield,
Take me, sweet brown eyes!
Sadly sweet brown eyes!
You bear me as a trophy from the field,
Captive from the first, thine own!

How reads the story when it all is done?
Vanquished by a pair of eyes!
Gentle and so wise,
Yet never was such love beneath the sun,
Take me, I am thine alone.

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They fail to be visible to the naked eye. I've been looking for them ever since I was born, and I have never discovered them yet. Not a blessing. I've lately been reading a lot of "rubbage" about what a nice, delightful and desirable thing it was to be poor. How poverty developed the energies of a body, warmed the heart, brightened the intellect, and I'm not sure if it didn't say beautified the complexion too. How pork and greens, as a matter of diet, was infinitely preferable to turtle soup and oysters. How trudging along on foot in the muck and dirt, blistering your feet and wearing your good shoes out, was forty times grander and healthier than "a coach and four and gold galore." How a crooked old pewter spoon and a cracked wooden bowl give food an indescribably delicious savor which vanished like fairy doughnuts, when you came to use silver and china.

Gammon, gammon, gammon!

Why the very author of that wearisome nonsense knew it was no such a thing, when he said it. Doubtless the chap who wrote it was paid by the column. Doubtless at the very time he was writing it, he was thinking in his sleeve what a delight it would be not to be a poor, scrubby, scribbling drudge and have to write a glorification of poverty. What would the world be, says this queer person, only for its necessities to spur it on and drive it up to noble exertion? What would this world be without poverty? What indeed! "What would any of us have been if our fathers hadn't drawed our faculties out of us?" says old John Willet.

Labor is no curse at all, but a blessing. It is poverty that is the curse. You don't mind work at all, as long as you get paid for it, don't you see? but to work as hard as you can, and not get half paid for it, there's the rub. It makes you spiteful and unchristian, and who shall blame you? Not I, for sure. Because I *know* I should be happier if I had just half the things I want in this world. You know it too, and it's nonsense for anybody to tell you otherwise. When a man tells you that your toilsome, poverty-stricken life is far more happy and blessed than his pampered, have-everything-he-wants existence, you feel in your bones that it's a ——; in short, that it is not true. I've had rich folks tell me that a hundred times, I should think, and I invariably make a generous offer to change places with them on the spot. I never found any of them yet who would accept my disinterested offer. I'm sure if poverty is such a tremendous blessing, it's a blessing very easily obtained.

For my own part I'm free to confess that I'd rather be rich than handsome. I'd like to be "rich as Creosote," as a certain young man said the other day. "Old clothes, old clothes! I wish it was money,—but it AIN'T!" says poor old Barkis. It appears to me that Barkis speaks right to my heart when he says that. You will appreciate it too, friend, if you are one of those luckless people included in the ancient Yankee saying about folks whose platter is always upside down when it rains porridge. Because, besides being so very inconvenient, poverty is abominably contemptible; it makes you feel mean in your own eyes, when nothing else can. If you get your living off the misfortunes of others,—though you wouldn't tell anybody for the world,—it is just about downright impossible not to experience a faint, sneaking emotion of gladness when misfortunes come upon people. If you are a poor but ambitious local editor, I ask you honestly if you are not rather pleased at a frightful explosion. If you are a starving doctor, I put you under oath to confess whether you are not a little bit glad when it comes time for a great spread of measles. It's the nature of poverty to make you feel so, and you can't help it. It is the very essence of poverty to contract the sympathies of people, and make them selfish, and hard hearted, and little. Poverty sours your little pleasures even when you can afford them, because the cruel necessity for skimping and saving, through long years, gets you into such a state of mind at last, that it is an utter impossibility for you to spend ten cents without feeling a qualm of conscience. That is the meanest part about it, I think.

My philosopher, who is paid by the column, proceeds to remark that man has reached the highest state of civilization when he has reduced his wants to the fewest possible number. That is also no such a thing. In point of fact, if that were the case, our friend the Digger Indian would be the most civilized and enlightened of the human race. Within reasonable bounds, the man who has the most needs and wants, and along with it the means of supplying them, is the civilized man, say what you please about it. To be sure, it is contemptible to repine and whine at one's lot, when a body can't help himself, but on the other hand it is nothing but praiseworthy to try one's best to get out of the slough of despond of poverty. For it is a curse, and the only way to make it at all endurable is to go along and not think about it.

ZIG.

An Infuriated Editor Speaks His Mind.

After long years of persistent persecution, the editor of the Indianapolis *Evening Journal* thus gives vent to his pent-up feelings: "Nothing so infuriates an editor—we speak from experience—as to have a great loose-jointed galoot stride noisily into his sanctum, pick up a newspaper, rustle it for a moment, and then slam it down, creating an atmospheric concussion which scatters two hundred and seventy of his small clippings—the gleanings from seven hundred and forty exchanges—into the spittoon and waste basket. The editor who can keep his brows from corrugating, and repress the convulsive contraction of his biceps, at such a time, is a splendid [illegible], whom it were base flattery to call a sheep."

☞ The [illegible] in Washington is described as [illegible].

THE MANNERS OF FRENCH WOMEN.

Where the real lady of society is unrivalled outside France is in the admirable dexterity, the catlike grace, the consummate intelligence with which she wields her arms. Concentrated in her "manners" all the varied elements of her coquetry come out. Her every bow is critically measured according to the person to whom it is addressed, and the effect which it is intended to produce. From the low, slow, sweeping curtsey with which, on a first introduction, she salutes a woman of high rank, through the long, delicately-graduated scale of forms of recognition, down to the familiar nod and extended hand with which, without rising from her sofa-corner, she greets her male *friends*, each movement implies a thought, each variation telegraphs a meaning, each shade suggests the nature of the reply which she expects. The way in which the proffered hand is held tells you unmistakably whether you ought to respectfully press it or to reverently kiss it; the fashion in which the head turns towards you as you come in, the quantity and the quality of the smile, say, as distinctly as if it were printed in large letters, "Tell me I am charming," or, "I don't care what you think," or anything between these two extremes. The underlying wish can be expressed, the secret object can be shown, the exact degree of permitted intimacy can be indicated—all by manner. In their mastery of this unfathomable science, French women possess a power which scarcely any other than themselves can even comprehend. They well know the strength it gives them, and they mature it with the profoundest care. It would, however, be a great error to suppose that this power is all acquired—that it is nothing but a fruit of long-studied, well-developed coquetry: the better sort of French woman is born to it, it comes to her with her mother's milk, it is in her nature—all she does is to reinforce it by the arts and aids which experience successfully places at her disposal. The rapid play of physiognomy, the trembling of the eyebrows and of the corners of the mouth, the twisting of the shoulders, the nervous oratory of the fingers, the suggestive movements of the feet, all these forms of speech—for such they are—belong to her by right of birth; she does but regulate their expression. With such infinite and varied language at her disposal she is not obliged to open her lips to speak; ideas and sentiments and desires pour out of her without words; her manner is half her eloquence.

The necessity of attracting is in the Gallic blood: it may be controlled by the deep sentiment of one absorbing duty; it may be temporarily suppressed by other more urgent needs; it may be modified in its expression by the thousand accidents of position: but it is at the bottom of all French women's hearts, though it comes out in so many varied forms that it is not always easy to recognize its presence. There is something which strangely influences men in the idea that almost every woman they meet wishes to make them like her; there is an unseen flattery in such a thought, but its action is none the less real because it is not evident to the eye. The woman, often half unconsciously, conveys to the man the notion that it would be agreeable to her to be made love to, partly as a pastime, partly as a homage which is due to her: the man knows, nineteen times out of twenty, that he will be forgotten directly his back is turned, and that some one else will take his place with identically the same result; but that certainly does not prevent his doing what is more or less expected from him during the quarter of an hour he is there. So the two go on, for no harm's sake at all, and a week afterwards one says that Monsieur X is an agreeable man, and the other that Madame Z is a charming woman. Within limits such as these—and in the immense majority of cases this is all which happens—the French system has great merits: it stimulates grace of language, it provokes expression, it brings out courtesy and good manners, and it offers a powerful antidote to the poisons which are working on most men's minds from the opposite direction.

Complete Immunity of Hogs from the Poison of Snakes.

We give below an extract from the Oriental Sporting Magazine, in which the writer states that he was on two occasions a witness to pigs being severely bitten by cobras without being in the slightest degree affected:

The first time I witnessed the act was in Ceylon, in 1856. I was returning one morning from snipe-shooting, with a tolerably fair bag of birds, when my attention was arrested by a dozen semi-wild pigs belonging to my friend, most perseveringly engaged in endeavoring to turn over with their snouts the half-rotten stem of a palmyra palm, and curiosity to see if they would succeed in their endeavors—for I had never seen pigs work so unanimously in concert before—caused me to stop and watch them. After two or three failures, they gained their point, turning the tree half way round, when a whole family of cobras, large and small, glided from under it. After them the pigs scampered helter-skelter, showing as much activity, although only half wild, as a Bengal boar would do. A very large cobra, fully five feet in length, was seized by a half grown sow within twelve feet of me, and while she crunched up the horrible writhing *bonne-bouche*, which had been seized about the middle of the body, I distinctly saw the reptile bite the sow twice on the snout, without the animal apparently caring the least about it; the pleasure of consuming the luscious tit-bit entirely compensated for any annoyance or pain that the pig might have felt at the time. I saw the sow mentioned some days afterward, not the least affected by the bite of the cobra.

The second instance was on a small island, yclepted Pulobbin, situated in the narrow channel of the sea, between Singapore and the mainland. I had gone over to Pulobbin to endeavor to shoot a man-eating tiger which was creating great havoc among a few wretched Chinese convicts, stationed on the island to split granite and ship it to Singapore for building purposes. In this instance I had been out all the morning in an unsuccessful search for the man-eater, and, on my return, feeling done up, I stretched myself at full length in the raised portico of the shooting-hut and was enjoying my pipe, when I noticed a large black cobra slowly gliding along the top of the bank, within twenty feet of me.

In the side of the bank were several holes, having much the appearance of the nests of our English sand-martin, and they had evidently at some previous time been the nests of either king-fishers or some of the fly-catcher family. The cobra, having approached the very brink of the cutting, suspended his head and about two feet of his body over it, and commenced a diligent search in these holes for rats, birds, or any small prey which might be concealed within them. Suddenly a loud squeak from one of their occupants showed that the unwelcome intruder had been successful in its search; and on the snake withdrawing its head from the abandoned bird's nest, a large frog leaped vigorously out, but on reaching the ground seemed to be perfectly paralyzed with the venom of the bite, and in less than a minute died.

The snake seemed to be fully aware of the deadly effects of its own bite, as it never attempted to follow its victim, though it closely watched it from the bank, its head being thrust about two inches over the bank, its eyes fixed on the frog, while the forked tongue was thrust in and out of its mouth, showing the state of the excitement that the reptile was in at the contemplation of the food before it.

Little, however, did the reptile anticipate what was in store for it; for, while gloating over its wretched victim, a fine, half-grown pig, belonging to one of the Chinese ticket-of-leave men, saw him and rushed at him. The snake was completely taken by surprise, its head for the moment being about four inches below the surface of the bank, thus preventing him seeing the enemy approaching from behind.

The pig, without a moment's hesitation, seized the snake near the tail, and commenced chomping him as a savage would a string of maccaroni. Again and again the reptile bit him with great violence, twice on the snout, once on the ear, and once on the fore-leg. The pig did not seem to care in the least about it, not stopping one moment until it had devoured the hideous reptile. It went off grunting its satisfaction at the unexpected and luxurious repast which fate had thrown in its way. I saw the same pig some days afterwards, and it certainly did not then evince signs of speedy dissolution. On another occasion I saw a pig giving chase to a snake, which only made good its escape by reaching the branches of a small guava tree.

An intimate friend of mine once informed me that he saw a whole family of fifteen cobras devoured by a couple of pigs when he was taking off the roof of a bungalow at Nunglodye, and although the pigs were bitten in at least half a dozen places, it did not have the least effect upon them.

DOLLY VARDEN.

O, Dolly! Dolly Varden,
Is a lady's form a garden,
That thou madly trail'st it o'er
With a thousand vines or more?
Now its every turn discloses
Lilies, pinks, and blushing roses,
Violets, forget-me-nots,
Larkspurs, and I don't know whats.
All the colors of the year
In a single gown appear;
Flowers of every season,
In and out of reason,
All a single yard in
Hast thou, Dolly Varden.

Dolly! Dolly Varden!
Still thy pranks we pardon;
For a very witching thing
Is the whimsy thou dost bring:
Every pretty maiden,
With thy wealth o'erladen,
Takes where'er she goes
Charm of added rose,
Spell of all things fair,
Bloom of everywhere.
Hail to thee! But pray put guard on
Those who can't, dear Dolly Varden.
Every human form divine
Can't be graced with flower and vine,
Bearing o'er its back quaint story
Traced in bloom of morning-glory—
Every dame can't be a garden,
As thou know'st, poor Dolly Varden.

Vainly, Dolly Varden,
We our hearts would harden.
Witching one, now born of spring,
Full of dainty blossoming!
Whether thou dost come in lawn,
Bright and misty as the dawn;
Calico that wakens choler
With its every yard a dollar;
Or in softly rustling silk,
Wool, and fabrics of that ilk—
Still thou'rt winsome, gay, and fair,
Peerless past all base compare.
Let old fogies ask your pardon,
Nor paternal purse keep guard on.
Never more our hearts we'll harden;
Thou hast conquered, Dolly Varden!

A GERMAN FARMER.

These thrifty Germans seem to have a knack of paying for land, and bid fair to become the principal land-owners in the older portions of the country. Their great forte is saving. I have a German neighbor, a well-to-do farmer, who always has money in the bank. But, if he owes you anything, he never thinks of giving you a check—not he. He knows a trick worth two of that. He sells something from the farm. After he has done his day's work, in the evening, he picks up a few apples, or potatoes, or squashes, or a few heads of cabbage, a basket of eggs, and a little butter or lard, or perhaps a bushel or two of nice hand-picked beans. These he puts in a spring-wagon, and the next morning before I am up he is half-way to the city, and by the time I am through breakfast he is back with the money. It is far easier to give a check on the bank. But that man would run in debt for a hundred-acre farm at $150 an acre and pay for it. I couldn't. I can raise as good crops as he does—perhaps better—and the receipts from my farm per acre are larger than his, but he and his family do all their own work, and when one of his bright, active boys wants to get married, there is money in the bank to make the first payment on a small farm and give him a start in life. He is withal a capital farmer, keeps his land clean, and works it thoroughly. He is a good neighbor—not inclined to borrow, and willing to lend; and if he does borrow anything for a few hours he returns it promptly. He is as cheerful as the day, minds his own business, and is always beforehand with his work. He keeps a good span of rather gay young horses that he bred himself, and which are always well groomed and full of spirit; a nice carriage that is always clean, and a good harness that is in perfect repair and well oiled and blackened, and he drives to church every Sunday in a style that many a German baron might envy. That man commenced life with nothing but good health, good habits, a pair of good hands, and a good head, with indomitable energy and perseverance. There are thousands of such cases, and in view of them it seems unnecessary to ask the question, "Does farming pay?"—*Agriculturist.*

A BAND OF FORGERS.

It is rather astonishing to read in the Dubuque *Herald* that there exists in St. Louis, Indiana, and New York City, and scattered all over the United States, a regularly organized band of men (with a regular outfit of notarial seals, commissions, and other appliances) who have been carrying on for years the business of dealing in forged titles to Iowa lands. The *Herald* says that it could give the names and residences of men who are regarded as rich and respectable in their own communities, who are engaged in the wicked business of assisting to destroy the titles to untold amounts of lands lying in Iowa, and this may, hereafter, in many cases leave the fatherless and the widowed with the chances of an almost hopeless law-suit on their hands, instead of an almost unincumbered inheritance. Non-resident owners of real property in Iowa are advised to apply by letter to the recorders of the different counties, asking if any changes are apparent upon their records in the chain of their titles, it being asserted that "since the discovery of these mysterious frauds a large amount of lands are now being held under forged deeds"—two hundred thousand acres, it is said, chiefly in the northwestern quarter of the State of Iowa.

A SORROWFUL CASE.—Mr. James O'Neil walked out of the gloomy portals of the Rhode Island State Prison the other day after eight long and heavy years of imprisonment on a charge of which he is now proved entirely innocent. His "hair is gray, though not with years," his body is emaciated and his mind enfeebled. On coming once more into the light of day he was almost dazed and walked as one in a dream. "Oh, how sweet the air smells," he exclaimed, having breathed so long the "deadly damp of dungeon dew." One mistake of the law like this almost cancels all its credit for beneficence. To that man what is the law but the cruellest of tyrants?

☞ The "saddest March" on record—Bonaparte's retreat from Russia.

LOVE EVANESCENT.

The [illegible] will fade above
Into the [illegible] of noon;
The love of youth, the youth of love,
Will fade and pass as soon.

Kiss them, beloved! for never yet
Could love its bloom unchanging keep;
There are no hearts but they forget,
There are no eyes but sleep.

GOINGS INTO A GARRET.

A CHILDHOOD SKETCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

"Will you run up to the back garret, Harry, and bring me a twist of yarn from the box in the corner? You need not take a light, as I do not approve of carrying a candle into such places. I'm sorry I did not think of it before dusk. But run along; nothing will hurt you."

Thus spoke my mother to me one autumn evening, as she settled herself into her chair for an hour or two of knitting. I hesitated. I was but a child, and going into the great, ghostly garret in the thickening twilight was to me a more serious thing than my good parent supposed. I was not really "afraid of the dark"—and of course there was nothing else to be afraid of—but nevertheless I turned toward her with a pleading look of demur.

"May I not take a light?" I asked. "I will be very careful."

She noticed my hesitancy, and not wishing me to go unwillingly, said:

"Oh, no; I cannot consent to that. Where is Carrie? get her to go with you."

But Carrie was not in the room, and as I still showed a disinclination to go alone, my mother relieved me by saying—

"Well, I will excuse you this time. I do not believe in compelling children to be brave."

She smiled with meaning pleasantness, as she continued:

"You always were a timid child, Harry. I will go for the yarn myself. I know just where to find it; and can put my hands on it in the dark."

My mother prided herself on knowing "just where to find things."

She left the apartment, and I heard her confident step ascending the stairs. A little ashamed of myself for my timidity, I awaited her reappearance, thinking all the while what a grand thing it was to be fearless.

Next time such a request was made of me I resolved to comply with it at all hazards.

Presently my mother returned without the yarn, and looking as I instantly observed, very pale. Her manner, too, was quite agitated. I started up in sympathetic alarm, though I knew not the cause.

"Where is your father?" she asked, excitedly.

"In the kitchen," I answered with equal quickness. "What—"

"Tell him to come here," said she briefly.

I obeyed her tremblingly, and father came immediately in, wondering at my excited manner.

"*There is a man in the garret*, husband," spoke my mother, breathlessly. "I went for a twist of yarn, and put my hands against him in the dark. I've trapped him though," she added, triumphantly. "I affected not to know I had discovered him, slipped out and fastened the great door. He's as safe as if in a prison."

"But the windows!" cried my father. "He will escape by one of them."

"Never; the distance to the ground is too great."

"Call Jake and Rufus," directed father. "We'll attend to this scamp. How did he get in, I wonder?"

I flew to call the men, and very soon armed for the emergency, they appeared. Jake Stevenson, a brawny farm-hand, carried a hatchet, and Rufus Dean, the gardener, had provided himself with the leg of a broken bench.

"Now, what if this is only a foolish scare?" remarked my father, as drawing an old rusty horse-pistol from its place over his desk, he headed the band of assailants. He contemplated, I suppose, using only the butt of the weapon.

"I am sure there was some one in the garret," asserted my mother.

She was not a nervous woman, and seldom made mistakes. I followed timidly in the rear of the attacking party; not that I expected to afford any assistance, but because a fearful curiosity impelled me forward. A burglar in the garret! What rejoicing there would be when he was captured! I thought of General Putnam in the wolf's den, and of General Wayne at Stony Point; but somehow my courage seemed to be diminishing, and the stock was small at the best. "Oh!" I reflected, "if I only could be the hero of this exploit without risking the danger!"

The garret entrance was reached. All was silent within. Cautiously opening the door for a little distance, father called boldly to any one who might be within to come out and deliver himself up. No response was made. I was all the time hoping there was some one in the place, and also hoping that there wasn't. I began at last to fear that it was only the stocking-bag suspended from the rafter that my mother had touched.

Pausing a moment, the demand to surrender was repeated, but no answer still being made, the garret was entered and explored. No one was to be found!

"You're mistaken for once, wife," said father a little maliciously.

"I am sure there was a human being in here three minutes ago," persisted she. "*I smelled his breath*, and a bad one it was, with rum and tobacco both. See! the window is raised; he has escaped by that."

"It has been up all day," I put in, remembering that I had seen the sunset blazing against the upper part as I came from school.

"The fellow would have broken his neck getting out there," spoke one.

"But the *ivy vine!*" cried my mother, not yet convinced that she had raised a false alarm. "He has descended by that."

An immediate examination was made. A large ivy vine clambered up the wall, and was undoubtedly strong enough to afford a means of descent, or even of ascent, to a skillful climber. The plant was torn from its grasp on the wall, and the broken foliage drooped in a heavy mass downward. Exit from the garret had surely been made in the manner indicated.

"I told you so!" exclaimed my mother, quite delightedly.

Hastening down stairs we found the deep print of a man's footstep on the soft, rain-soaked sod under the window, and nothing further was needed to prove that an intruder had then escaped.

"If I had only thought of the ivy at first!" lamented my mother.

"Well, the rascal has gone," said her husband, "and pursuit would be of no avail. Let us go in. We will not be troubled by him to-night, I'll warrant."

We entered the house considerably excited by the event of the evening. Early the next morning the news was spread that neighbor Walton's house had been broken into by a thief, and that the man had been captured some miles up the river. He was now at Squire Morton's awaiting the coming of the constable to convey him to prison. Father went over to take a look at the prisoner, and I accompanied him. Returning a description was given of the thief.

"He is an ugly looking fellow," said father, "just the chap to climb into garret windows. You were fortunate, wife, in scaring him out. He looked vile enough to murder."

"Yes, mother," I cried, "and his breath smelled of rum and tobacco!"

She smiled to know that I had made sure of that fact. The robber was taken to jail, tried and convicted; and then ended the affair. My mother never afterward sent me into the garret for yarn, nor anything else, after dark, and I observed that she never went herself.

PERSONAL.

ALEXIS's only sister is 18, lovely in figure and face, golden hair, $30,000 a year, and sensible. There, now!

THE son of Napoleon III. attained his sixteenth year on Saturday, the 16th of March.

MRS. JOAQUIN MILLER is said to be coming East to lecture.

MR. SCHENCK, our Minister to England, was recently written to by some one for his autograph. The reply of the general is said to have been this:—

"Sir—I hasten to comply with your request, and take this method of informing you that you are an unmitigated nuisance.

"R. C. SCHENCK."

M. GORINI, an Italian professional, has undertaken to petrify the body of Mazzini within eight months. M. Gorini has been for years engaged in special studies of this nature, and has arrived at the most extraordinary results. Among other proofs of his skill the doctor possesses a stick of which the head is formed of a human eye, perfectly preserved and hard as crystal.

THE Paris papers are indulging in all kinds of pretty stories about the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The *Avenir National* tells one which is certainly not generally known. During his Royal Highness's illness, a robust young man, half countryman, half gentleman, was always remarked at the château Sandringham; he was even admitted to the patient's bedside, and the Prince appeared to be deeply attached to him. Everybody was puzzled at the presence of this stranger, whose name and position was kept secret. However, all has since been discovered, and here is the enigma explained. In 1855, during the stay of the Royal Family in the Isle of Wight, the Prince of Wales kicked over a basket of shells which a boy was gathering. The boy, red with rage, dared his Royal Highness to "do it again," and he would see what he would get. The Prince did do it again, and the boy, thereupon, landed his fist upon his Royal Highness's nose, also giving him a pair of black eyes. The Queen, on seeing the Prince, insisted on knowing the truth. "You have only got what you deserve," said her Majesty; "and were you not already sufficiently punished, I would punish you myself. I hope you will always be served in the same way when you are guilty of such conduct." The Queen then sent for the boy's parents and offered to bring him up. The parents consented; the boy has grown up with the Prince of Wales, and is now treated as his foster-brother. This is a true (French) story.

COLORS FOR EVENING DRESS.

A lady of taste will not forget that colors change according as they are looked at by day or by lamp-light, and we see her in the middle of the day stepping into a closed saloon, lit up with gas, to choose her evening dresses.

A rule soon learned by experience in such things is that a color gains or loses in beauty by daylight according to the greater or lesser quantity of *yellow* it contains. Violet, which is the opposite of yellow, is that which changes most; it becomes of a dull reddish brown. Blue, if pure, becomes greenish; if dark it looks hard and blackish; if light, it loses color and turns gray. There is a shade of blue which has no brilliancy by day, but acquires a great deal by the yellow light of gas, while *turquoise* silks, charming by daylight, are quite *effacés* under the lamp of a ball-room.

Those greens which incline most to yellow look the prettiest of an evening. Thus apple green acquires the brilliant tints of emerald; peacock green loses its blue *reflets*, and becomes too yellowish. Yellow materials are certainly those which appear best by lamp-light, especially silks and satins. Buttercup yellow, so bright at any time, is brighter than ever of an evening; straw-color becomes rosier, *sulphur*-color does not change, and maize becomes exquisitely soft and clear. All brunettes know how extremely becoming it is to them in the ball-room.

Pink changes to salmon-color. The yellow lights of gas or candle, so hostile to all *blue* tints, enchance the splendor of red. Ruby becomes more brilliant, *nacarat* appears lighter, *cérise* deepens to crimson, and crimson inclines to *capucine*, which itself assumes a more orange-like tone, and orange vies with fire-color.

Even black and white are subject to the alterations caused by artificial light; bluish-blacks, by far the most handsome by day, lose all their beautiful blue shade, and become hard and dull. White, on the contrary, gains much by lamp-light; if faded, it lights up again, and actresses often choose yellowish-white dresses, knowing they will look best on the stage. Perhaps the loveliest of all shades for the evening is silvery gray, which acquires a somewhat rosy tint; but grays which contain any amount of blue, such as pearl gray, lose all their beauty and look dull as soon as lamps are lit.

Royal Victims of the Small-Pox.

Dr. John Gardiner has collected the following history of the ravages of small-pox in some of the royal houses in Europe, hoping thus to impress the public mind more forcibly as to the advantages of vaccination:—Among the family of Charles I., of Great Britain, of his forty-two lineal descendants up to the date of 1712, five were killed outright by small-pox, viz: his son Henry, Duke of Gloucester; and his daughter Mary, wife of the Prince of Orange, and mother of William III.; and three of the children of James II.; Charles, Duke of Cambridge, in 1677; Mary, Queen of England, and wife of William III., in 1694; and the Princess Marie Louisa, in April 1712. This does not include, of course, severe attacks not fatal, such as those from which Queen Anne and William III. suffered. Of the immediate descendants of his contemporary, Louis XIV., of France (who himself survived a severe attack of small-pox,) five also died of it in the interval between 1711 and 1774; viz., his son Louis, the Dauphin of France, in April of 1711; Louis, Duke of Burgundy, son of the preceding, and also Dauphin, and the Dauphiness, his wife, in 1712; their son, the Duc de Bretagne, and Louis XV., the great grandson of Louis XIV. Among other Royal deaths from small-pox in the same period were those of Joseph I., Emperor of Germany, in 1711; Peter II., Emperor of Russia, in 1730; Henry, Prince of Prussia, in 1767; Maximillian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, December 30, 1777.

☞ Chicago must expect to have things pretty rough while the present generation lasts. If she does anything out of the way, or gets saucy, or anything like that, people will be sure to throw up what they did for her when she was on fire, and so forth. A man wrote to our office boy the other day for ten dollars the boy had borrowed from him a year ago when he was out there. The boy returned answer that the big fire wiped out everything, and that the man "had a hard face to ask for the payment of a debt after what Philadelphia had done for Chicago."

SPRINGTIME.

"The time of the singing of birds is come,"
The pleasant, pleasant time,
When the woods ring out with the cuckoo's note,
And the blackbird's merry chime;
When the thrush on the budding hawthorn spray,
Still wet with the soft spring rain,
Sings clear and shrill with a right good will,
For the springtime's come again.

'Tis the time when the skylark soars aloft,
In the dawn of the dewy day,
And the bleat of the lamb as it calls to its dam
Is heard in the meads away,
And the primrose blooms in the woodland glen,
Like a star in the western sky,
And the soft, sweet breeze, through the stately trees,
Sighs out like a lullaby.

Never tell me that summer is brighter far,
With its lingering wealth of flowers—
That the woodland green has a brighter sheen
When it sparkles with sunny showers.
Never talk of the autumn red and ripe,
And its sheaves of golden corn,
Or the stirring sound of horn and hound,
Through the gleam of the misty morn.

For I know no charm like the tender spell
That is born of the early spring,
And I know no sight like the first free flight
Of the wild bird on the wing,
And my heart responds with a deep glad thrill,
And a joy that's akin to pain,
To the sweet soft voice bidding all rejoice
That the springtime's come again.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGWOOD CHASE," &C.

CHAPTER XXII.

TITUS VINK IS CAUGHT AS A TARTAR.—HE ALSO CATCHES A TARTAR.

Mr. Titus Vink, having sustained a clear loss of one hundred pounds in the loveliest-looking, sweetest-feeling, crisp bank-notes, which was a "dreadful blow and great discouragement," and having been presented gratis with a most severe thrashing, which was a clear gain, a success of justice, and unusually richly deserved, was dissatisfied with the balance struck.

The process of healing his bruises, to which he paid the closest and most undivided attention—for he was anxious at the earliest possible moment to reverse the difference in the debtor and creditor sides of his account with Joyce Stoke—gave him an opportunity for concerting his plans for the future.

He considered that he had as yet got little or nothing out of "J. D., 16, L. P. st., London;" for the packet of articles from which "a good thing" was to come was valueless unless he could obtain the particulars which would give the contents a pecuniary value to whoever possessed them. Therefore, as soon as he could move, he decided to proceed, under a "cloud of secrecy," to "16, L. P. st., London," and examine, quite unattended, the hidden stores in that repository of filchings.

"Those who seek shall find," he snuffled, turning up the whites of his eyes. "T. V. found athought sertin'; but he will seek an' find somethin' vuth havin' among the pilferings of that weed o' Satan, Dean. Dean, too, Why, he's had enough to be a bishop! T. V. will search among the gatherin's and garnerin's and the fruits of his sin; and will find—oh, he will find and be joyful. Oh let us be— But, no; I can't jes' now—it's ag'in the grain an' the bruises to be joyful. T. V. will open a fresh account with J. S., who's been so good as to drop me a line to say she's off to London, after Colonel Waldron, and expec's great things to come of it. So, if the heal-all and the 'arts'orn an' sweet ile, an' the goose-grease, an' the Dutch drops, an' the spermaceti sarve, the poppy-head lotion, an' the di-akkyling plaster, does their work in a business-like way, T. V. will be in London on the 'eels o' the crowd, an' attend strictly to business too. Ah, that jes' reminds me. I knows of a little commoonity of zealous Keristians, who've got little 'oards of pelf put away. I'll borrow some of 'em, an' if the Lord afflicts me with loss o' memory a'terwards, it won't be my fault, but my afflikshun."

Mr. Titus Vink found one or two—perhaps all—his special remedies, assisted by rest in bed, warm baths, and time, sufficiently effectual to enable him to proceed to London in about ten days; and his first act on reaching London was to write a mysterious note to Mr. Rokeby, who with difficulty deciphered it; but when he did so, was duped by it.

It recited his acts and intentions thus;

"T. V. as pawted with the undid pouns to J. S., hoo noes orl, hand a gewd deel moar. She noes orl abowt the tewin, hand sees G. L. isent hit, but another. J. S. wood haf fiftee pounds down fust, hand anuther fiftee four gittin informashun of its berth, ware bourne, hand woos gott it now. She noes azacklee the trubbled worter two fitch in, hand when she's bookd hit, she wil bring the fitch two mee. But she'll warnt hat leest annuther undid pouns before she'll pawt with a singel fak, so please send the noats two mee hat wuns. Yew may trust youre fathefull T. V. Four thow

"Hime singful bourne; butt wile I live
Thee norrer parth Ile go,
Hand wen deth no hoo and I stryves
To keep from down beelow.
"T. V., one [illegible]."

Mr. Rokeby sent the hundred pounds as directed; but he stated in his communication that he was in possession of the numbers of the notes, and if he had occasion in the slightest degree to doubt Mr. Vink's loyalty to him, he would take steps to render him powerless to deceive him or any one else in the future.

While Mr. Vink was waiting the arrival of Mr. Rokeby's answer, he bethought himself that a visit to "16 L. P. st," if only in the way of prospecting, would be of advantage. He, therefore, as soon as he received the cash, set out to find it, and on his way inquired of a simple-looking man for the locality in which Little Pulteney street might be situated. The man had small, ferret-like eyes, and they raced over the person of Titus, and settled for a moment on his trowsers pocket, which looked bulky.

"There's money in it," thought the stranger, with the sniff of a vulture.

He examined the face of Titus, and he also thought—

"He's a country preacher, and a safe mug."

"Mug" being the professional word of certain artists who plunder the unwary for idiot.

Consequently, the stranger confessed that he did know the locality in which Little Pulteney street was situated, and if there was one sympathy stronger than another he possessed, it was for a stranger who did not know his way about London. He was always pleased to meet with strangers in the great city, and thought it a duty to welcome them, especially when they were bright examples of sanctity, and pastors of religion, though in a small way.

Titus Vink pricked up his ears and turned up the whites of his eyes. He admitted being a herb of grace for the falling to nibble, and a crum of comfort for the sinner who could be turned away from his wickedness; and he did not refuse a glass of ale when the stranger proposed it.

While cheerfully partaking of the ale, and discussing the straight and narrow path to everlasting bliss, a second stranger entered to them, and with a fatigued and weary air declared himself overburdened with wealth, which had been left to him by a weak-minded relative, who did not know any of his virtues or other merits. But he had left an injunction to him to disburse a goodly portion of it among the poor and deserving. He felt himself, however, unequal to the performance of this onerous task, and, therefore, was anxious to discover some honest individual who would take charge of a few thousands, and dispose of them in charity.

Titus Vink, without a reserve, offered to take the whole amount, and give it away when and to whom he thought proper objects. The wealthy stranger instantly declared his belief that Titus was the very man for the work, and produced a thick roll of notes and a handful of what seemed to be sovereigns, which he was about to hand over to him, when a sudden fit of caution appeared to seize him.

"How am I to know that you are honest?" he demanded of Titus, with a frank candor that appeared to be truly commendable.

"I'm sinful born," chanted Titus, and favored him with the four lines of his own composition.

The opulent stranger expressed his unequivocal delight at the sentiment, but it afforded him no proof, he remarked, that Titus was a man of substance, in sufficiently comfortable circumstances to prevent him meanly appropriating any portion of the wealth to be entrusted to him.

Titus reflected for a moment, and then produced the hundred pounds in notes which he had just received from Mr. Rokeby, and the eyes of the affluent stranger filled with tears of joy, while the simple and kindly guide's mouth watered, as he said to himself—

"I knew there was money in him."

The production of this sum in notes was to be followed by a still further test, for the simple guide produced a sum of money, too, which he said was twenty pounds, and claimed a share in the fortune to be disseminated; likewise he, to prove his trustworthiness, offered to take charge of Titus Vink's hundred pounds, proceed to some short distance, out of sight, and then return with it safely, and restore it.

Here there occurred a failure in the vision of Titus. He was unable to see the real value of this proposition, and contended that it did not serve to prove his own trustworthiness.

"Confide your twenty pounds, and your watch, and anything else to make up the wally o' my 'underd to me," he said, to the simple and kindly guide, who had treated him to ale. "I will prove my honesty to you by goin' away an' comin' back with 'em. Then, as I don't want all this benevolent gentleman's fortun'—for I ain't got time to give it all away—I will trust you with my 'underd. I'll give you leave to go away with it when I do, and when you come back with it, this pilanthropic party can share his affluence eq'ally between us, givin' me most, as I ha' got the most money."

The simple-minded guide and the opulent benefactor of his race here exchanged looks, and simultaneously took stock of the features of the just-minded Titus. They were convinced that the expression upon them was one of harmless guilelessness and trusting confidence, and having exchanged glances again, the Crœsus gave his assent to the proposition, and the simple mind went along with him.

The twenty pounds were produced, and Titus Vink, on counting and examining the cash, in order, he said, that there might be no dispute when he returned, turned out from among them fifteen golden pieces, bearing a figure on horseback, with a legend of "To Hanover" round it on the obverse. He said he did not like foreign pieces, and refused to be convinced that they were indisputable and genuine. This made a hitch; but the landlord, who had appeared an indifferent spectator of the transaction, though he had seen with avaricious eyes the bank notes of Titus, now expressed a fear that benevolence so unmixed as that of the opulent stranger might miscarry; and though he looked as if he was the owner of several tickets of leave, which were secreted about him, he produced fifteen genuine sovereigns, and they were added to the five which were real. A gold watch, which the simple-minded owner had found "in a crowd," was added, and Titus prepared to start on his mission of trustworthiness.

"I suppose a couple o' minutes will be enuff," he suggested, with a vacant smile. "No call to fatigue myself, for I ain't well."

He really looked ill. Wealth, Beer, and Simplicity smiled at each other, and in chorus declared two minutes to be quite long enough to test his honesty.

So they were.

In that time he had covered the eighth of a mile, and had threaded ten or fifteen streets. In two minutes more he had slipped through a maze of courts, had emerged into a dirty, narrow street, at the corner of which he saw, to his intense delight, dimly painted and almost obliterated, "Little Pulteney street," and number "16" nearly opposite to him.

He darted into the open doorway. A little girl was standing on the threshold.

"Which is Mr. Dean's room, lovey?" he gasped, out of breath.

"Two-pair back," answered the child, carelessly; "but he ain't at home."

He did not wait for an answer, but was at the door of the "two-pair back" in a second. He held his breath, looked up and down, listened—there was not a sound. From his pocket he whipped a bundle of skeleton keys, and with the celerity of an extensively practised burglar, he picked the lock, entered the room, closed the door behind him, and relocked it.

He flung himself on a dusty chair, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, sat with his face buried in his hands until he recovered his wind, and at length he was able to exhibit a calmer state of feeling.

"I knew from the first," he muttered, with a complacent grin, "there was money in that spek'lation, and so there was. The Lord is bountiful to His children. Every suv' is mint kinage, an' the watch, I sees, is a kronometer, which that artful vill'in must ha' robbed some prosperous man of. What a horful bad world this is, an' what an 'orrid danger I've run to do a good turn to the public. It was my 'underd as did it. The waggerbones would ha' cleaned me out, soaked me as dry as a fishbone, if I hadn't been thoughtful. There's money in their pooty little game, when they don't nab a Titus Vink—the 'artless sharps and thieves. They'd a ruined me with sing'lar satisfaction, on'y they did'nt understand my little game, which there was money in it too, I believe. The Lord," he snuffled, hypocritically, "administers chastisement an' retrobeution in His own way."

And he rattled the sovereigns he had been examining together in his loosely-closed hands.

He, however, stowed them away with his bank-notes in a safer place than before, and he put away the watch in the bottom of a side pocket.

He had, however, hardly accomplished this, when he heard a footstep coming up the stairs, and a voice, which said,

"This way, young woman. There is pen and ink in my room, and I'll give you the address there."

"Very well, sir," was the reply.

Titus jumped to his feet in a paralyzing terror. He glared about him with eyes starting out of his head with horror. The voice of the man was Dean's—that of the woman Joyce Stoke's.

What a pair to meet, under the circumstances! Where was he to go? Where conceal himself? There were cupboards, but they were evidently locked. There was no bed to get under. There was a door leading to some other room, but having tried it, he found it locked too, and there was no time to try skeleton keys. There was a fireplace, fitted with a fireboard, and he made a dash at it. Up the chimney was better than to be seized here in *flagrante delicto*.

Joy! The fireboard yielded, and disclosed an open space. A former tenant had borrowed the fire-grate late one night, without asking for the loan, and had not yet returned it. The bereaved landlord, in the agony of emergency, invented the fireboard, to conceal the obstruction, and as the succeeding tenant had not noted the deficiency, and, therefore, had not asked for a fire-grate, he had quite forgotten—so he assured himself—to replace it.

Into the dark, grimy opening, Titus forced himself, and he was yet fitting in the fireboard, when Dean, accompanied by the fierce woman, Joyce Stoke, entered the room. He, however, drew it lightly into its place, and held it firmly, without exciting discovery, and was delighted to find out almost immediately that he could catch the slightest intonation of either of the speakers, for he heard Dean whisper, "Sit down, and don't be frightened," and Joyce's response, in a muttered undertone, and with a suppressed laugh, "Nothing frightens me."

But he also became aware that he had entered a sooty atmosphere, that he had disturbed a cloud of the finest particles of soot, and that they were steadily, and by no means imperceptibly, sailing into his eyes, nostrils, and throat, blinding and suffocating him. He crammed into his mouth his handkerchief of a week old, and much marbled with snuff—Prince's mixture—of which now and then he partook, when his perceptive powers were not so clear as he desired them—and laid himself out to become master of the secret revelations which he was certain would take place between Dean and his companion.

He heard Dean lock the door, and say, in a much louder key—

"Now, Joyce, you may speak freely; there is no one to hear you but me, and I know that I am the only true friend you have—the only one who can secure you the revenge you have been yearning to wreak for years. So speak out."

Joyce remained silent a moment, and then replied between her grating teeth—

"I trust no one any more, Mr. Dean. I have been betrayed, degraded, made a finger-point, a shame to my name, a broken-hearted wretch, by trusting. I will trust no more."

"But you may me, Joyce," persisted Dean, urgently. "I have no object in deceiving or tricking you. I have the greatest possible interest in acting uprightly to you, in serving you, and by so doing serve myself."

"Those are almost the words," she sharply responded, "which that lean, snub-nosed, sneaking, hypocritical swindler, plunderer, and thief, Titus Vink, once said to me—and the pitiless robber withheld from me a sum for which I had committed a great wrong, in order that by its aid I might have fled away from this country while I was yet young, with fair looks, and in another redeem the errors into which I was so cruelly beguiled in this."

"Sneaking, paltry, filching, canting, thieving hound and rat, that Titus Vink," appended Dean, hoarsely and ferociously. "A snuffling, whining, psalm-smiting cheat, one of the conscienceless impostors who bring the sacred name of religion into disgrace by the shameless pretence of being one of its earnest propagators and expounders. A scorpion, a prowling, crawling prig, with a hymn always in his stinking mouth. Words fail to express my estimate of the robber; but I have a dose for his 'colliot' which shall set his vitals in flames. I have it ready for him to swill, and he shall have it before long."

Titus Vink winked both his eyes, nodded his head, and thought—

"Shall I! Pooty sentiments they for a bamboozling, freebooting, rifling betrayer of sacred trust. A false steward an' generally unscrup'lous rascal, an' no money in him either."

"I have paid one installment of the heavy debt I owe the scoundrel; he shall have payment in full before I have done with him," rejoined Joyce Stoke, moodily. "But do not let us waste time over him. I want you to tell me if there is any truth in the story that vagabond Vink told me respecting Colonel Waldron having plannned an abduction of Miss Gabrielle Luttrell—ha, ha! *Miss* Luttrell."

"I have very strong faith in the truth of that story, for it was I who told it to Vink," replied Dean, stroking his chin with his hand thoughtfully. "You remember that we saw him, with Miss Luttrell in his arms in a fainting condition, in the shrubbery?"

"I do only too bitterly," she responded.

He heard her teeth grating together.

"Since then I have watched them both closely," pursued Dean, laying his hand on Joyce's arm.

"One thing is certain—he holds some terrible secret over her head, which she fears to have disclosed, and he threatens her. You see the colonel is needy. She will be a wealthy heiress."

"What if Miss Gabrielle be not a Luttrell at all?" observed Joyce, slowly.

"Mr. Rokeby knows all about that," returned Dean, hesitatingly.

"He knows what I entrusted Titus Vink to tell him," she returned, contemptuously. "It was I who placed her in the hands of Titus Vink, and he, under my directions, delivered her to Mr. Rokeby, with a carefully coined story—the offspring of my father's brain, not mine," she added, with a lowering brow

"Well, but who is she?" interrogated Dean, with unconcealed surprise. "Where did you get hold of her?"

Titus again opened his ears widely, but not his eyes.

Joyce gave way to a violent paroxysm of rage, tears, and hysterical sobs, the termination of which Dean calmly awaited.

When the storm died away, she said, harshly, but with intense emotion—

"Dean, you remember me in my heyday, a proud, handsome, high-spirited girl, whose greatest fault was a weak scorn of those in her own rank of life—a wild ambition to become a queen in a higher sphere. I had no meaner, no wickeder thought, then, heaven knows! Colonel, then Ensign Waldron, was at that evil time quartered in our neighborhood. He was a gentleman born, handsome as an angel from the sky. He saw me, admired me, found out my ambition, and pandered to it. He won me by a beckon of his finger, went through the mockery of a marriage with me in a church, a brother officer playing the parson, and took me away—far away—from my home. Before—before—my child—was born—he disclosed his infamous artifice to me, left a few pounds for the baby and me to fight the world with, and then coolly deserted me."

A terrible oath escaped from the lips of Dean.

Titus Vink spread out his arms, and mentally ejaculated—

"Yet they calls *me* a ipperkrit an' a waggerbone."

In doing this, however, he dropped the handkerchief from his mouth, and had to grope for it. He found it well steeped in soot, and rammed it into its old place again. But, oh, the agony of repression he was compelled to exercise to prevent a violent fit of choking bursting from him.

Suddenly an exclamation broke from the lips of Dean.

"Why, great heavens, Joyce!" he exclaimed, in an almost affrighted tone, "do you mean to say that Gabrielle Luttrell is the child of Colonel Waldron?"

"Why not?" she demanded, with a curling lip. "Do you imagine that the taste of a superior condition of life which the villain Waldron gave me stamped out my ambition? No, I determined at first to destroy myself and baby; but my father found me out and took me home. When there he treated me with cold kindness, and conferred with Mark Jarrett about me. Then he suggested I should take the child to Mr. Rokeby, with the story that it was the son——"

"The son," interrupted Dean, amazed.

She waved her hand.

"My mind and intellect are so dazed," she answered, impatiently. "I scarcely know what I am saying. I mean that the child was placed, with my assent and connivance, in the hands of Mr. Rokeby as the daughter of Gray Luttrell, who, after running away with Mrs. Rokeby's sister, had plunged into extravagances which ruined him and he destroyed himself."

"Mrs. Rokeby had three sisters, all beauties, and all awfully fast," mused Dean. "Which was it who ran away with the earl's son?"

"The eldest," replied Joyce, readily, as if well acquainted with circumstances respecting which there had been so much mystery. "The story goes that Gray and Guy Luttrell who were twins, born within two hours of each other, and both exactly alike, except in temper, fell madly in love at the same time with the eldest Miss Vane. They quarrelled desperately about her, fought, and Guy was killed. Gray ran away with the young lady, plunged into excesses to drown the memory of his brother's murder, and then killed himself."

"But Mrs. Luttrell," suggested Dean, eagerly.

"Disappeared nobody knew when, where, or how," answered Joyce, in an indifferent tone now her own story was over; "I never heard father say a word about her."

"Your father lived in the old earl's family," interrogated Dean, "did he not?"

"Yes," rejoined Joyce; "was with him for years, and helped to bring up the twins until they turned into the world."

"Which was the eldest, Gray or Guy Luttrell?" asked Dean, with a solicitude he strove to conceal.

"There was a row about that when they were alive," returned Joyce with a jeering laugh. "It matters nothing now."

"If either left children it does, Joyce, my girl," responded Dean, quickly. "The old earl cannot live long, and all the lives between the twin sons and the earl have failed."

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"I have heard father say that Mrs. Gray Luttrell had twins, too, but that they either died or disappeared with her."

"I see it all now," thought Titus, with both his eyes tightly closed. "I have got the picklocks—I'll soon be at the locks themselves. They twins is alive, Mr. Rokeby is sure of that, and he wants to know which is the eldest, and where she is to be got for his son. Now I'm awake—see as clear as day. I'm after Mrs. Gray Luttrell. There's money in her—there's money in it all. Money in it? Oh! if I finds they twins, what a pile o' money there'll be in it."

"Titus Vink," pursued Joyce, "thinking that the girl called Gabrielle——"

"Your girl, eh, Joyce Stoke, my lass?" interposed Dean, with a peculiar laugh.

The woman started.

"It is a secret still, and you must keep it," she said, quickly and earnestly. "I do not wish to drive her out of her high life—do you understand? I want her to keep and enjoy it. I only want to bring that arch villain Waldron to the dust, as I will, and make him bite it, lick it, wallow in it."

"Ah, I see now," responded Dean, nodding his head, and keeping his own thoughts and intentions concealed. "But what were you about to say concerning that knave, Vink?"

"He knows that Mrs. Luttrell had twins, and he has, in fact, given me a large sum of money to help him to find them out," she returned, with a harsh laugh.

Titus Vink would, if he had dared, have dashed forward, and given vent to a flat denial of this assertion, in bad language too.

"She took it—nabbed it, boned it, cribbed it—and I have got her receipt on my shoulders," he thought, dolefully. "Joyce Stoke—her mark."

"Then, of course, you are to see the unconscionable thief, Vink, again?" observed Dean, eagerly.

"I am," was the answer.

"Do you think you could coax him here?" he asked, excitedly.

"I have no doubt of it," she responded; and added, with her strange, almost unearthly laugh, "I will try if you wish."

"Don't I wish!" cried Dean, with unaffected heartiness. "But will he come?"

As if in reply, there came from behind the fire-screen a most violent sneeze, followed by a *frightful paroxysm of coughing.*

Both Dean and Joyce Stoke leaped to their feet, and stared wildly at the gaudily-ornamented but dingy fireboard with petrified astonishment, as if they expected it to vanish with a crash, and to be followed by the abrupt appearance of Satan.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILFRED EXECUTES THE MISSION ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY HIS MOTHER.

Whether Meggy Blithedale had "thought of seeing little bit Tib" or not, it is very certain that he had been thinking continuously and anxiously about her ever since he had set out with his young master in search of the residence of Mark Jarrett. Not only thought of seeing her, but most eagerly hoped and expected to see her—not, indeed, on his master's account, but exclusively on his own.

He was aware that Abel Stoke possessed good looks, and though when down at the Grange he was somewhat loose and careless in his attire, yet, if anything, the easy style suited his form, features, and swinging gait. He had the reputation of being a decided favorite with the village girls, and Tib knew of quarrels which had taken place about him by some young damsels at whom he had never looked. When, therefore, he discovered that he was in London, acting as groom to Mark Jarrett's Daisy, and looking undoubtedly handsome, and smart, and trim in his plain, quiet, but "very swell" livery, his thoughts flew to his Meg, and the rare chance which Abel had, being his superior in size and weight, to win his coveted prize in "a common trot."

He thought if he could see and speak with Meg, he might still have a chance in the race; and it may be imagined how delighted he was at being set to work to find her out—how entranced he felt when he heard her voice, after feeling her playful tap upon his shoulder which propelled him such a distance.

He felt as if he had been groping about in a dark room in search of the door, and a sudden burst of light from an unexpected quarter had penetrated it, and disclosed the desired entrance.

Still, in the presence of Wilfred, he curbed his impulse to give way to ecstatic emotions, and in a quiet way held out his hand to her, and said—

"Be very glad to see you, Meg—be very glad, indeed. Here be young master, Mr. Wilfred Rokeby; he wants to speak to you too—do, indeed," he added, as Meggy at this turned a violent red, laughed shyly at Wilfred, and curtsied a little.

"Yes, I wish to speak two or three words to you, Meggy, if that be your name," said Wilfred, actually searching for some loose gold in his pocket.

"Margaret Blythedale be my name, sir, if you please," she returned, redder than ever. "Little bit Tib here call me Meg—Miss Daisy calls me Meggy."

"Then I will call you Meggy, too!" cried Wilfred.

"Thankye, sir," she replied, dropping a curtsey.

"You must not thank me for nothing," rejoined Wilfred, promptly. "Shake hands with me, Meggy—we must be better acquainted."

"Deary me, sir," returned the girl, with a frightened look, as Wilfred took her timidly-offered hand and slipped two sovereigns into it. "You've dropped some money, sir."

She offered to return it.

"Oblige me, Meggy, by keeping it," he answered, hastily. "I wish you to do me a service."

"So I will, sir—twenty if I can," she replied, with a native dignity that surprised him. "*But not for money, if you please.*"

She was thinking of the flight of the gentleman over the hedge, whom Wil had turned thither for slashing a poor boy's face. That, to her, was worth all the money he could give her.

"You must keep that trifle, at all events," persisted Wil, "or I will never ask you to do me any service."

Meggy dropped the money into her pocket, but with undisguised reluctance, and she said, with reserve—

"*How can I serve you, please, sir?*"

"First," he said, looking furtively about him, "by telling me whether we are in sight of Mark Jarrett's dwelling?"

"No, sir," she replied, immediately; "it be three roods off this, on the side of a high, green slope, and looks over the hills and fields right away."

"We cannot, standing here, be seen from it?" he pursued.

"Oh, no, sir," she replied, instantly.

"Well, then, I may safely say a few words to you here," he said, in a rapid undertone. "Is Miss Daisy—as you call her, I believe—now at home?"

"Yes, sir. I left her with a high, dashing young lady, Miss Lois Gray," she answered freely. "The young lady who be always with her now."

"Could you take me into a room where I could speak a few words with Miss Daisy?" he pursued, as eagerly.

Meggy looked at him half frightened, then at Tib, and again at Wilfred. Then she turned quite pale.

"If you would go to the principal entrance up the drive, sir, and send in your card," she returned, [illegible]

"That is just what I wish should not be permitted," interrupted Wilfred, quickly. "Mark Jarrett, whose life—or, at least, the property—I saved, [illegible] my name [illegible] be barred against me. But Miss Daisy [illegible] my mother [illegible] and it is [illegible] gratitude [illegible] have a [illegible] which, if [illegible] secure [illegible] happiness."

"I would do anything in the world to make Miss Daisy happy, if I could, sir," murmured Meggy, with embarrassment, but—

"You may lay your life—any odds—that Mr. Wilfred's a true gentleman," urged Tib, [illegible] with emphasis.

"I am sure of that," answered Meggy; "but still—"

"Do you think Miss Daisy would object to see me?" interrogated Wil, in a distressingly miserable tone.

"Oh dear, no, sir—she would be delighted," cried Meggy, eagerly, feeling pained by the sudden change in his manner. "Only I am afraid I should be doing wrong."

"I will hold you harmless," returned Wil, quickly. "Place me in a room through which she must pass, and where I can say a few words to her. I will remain hidden if she needs [illegible] in the event [illegible] my soul, I do not [illegible] compromise [illegible] through your [illegible] desire that [illegible] interview with [illegible]"

Still Meggy hesitated, and for want of a handy [illegible] her neat [illegible] fashion.

"M [illegible]," ventured Tib, with an appealing look at her. "Maw—Meggy—why, Meg, you bain't goin' to jib, be you? You are one o' the best sorts out. You wont cut up rough to Mr. Wilfred, will'ee—eh, Meg?"

Meg looked into his small, rather freckled face, and into his bright blue eyes, and shook her [illegible].

"I wish to have a word or two with you on the quiet badly, Meg," he added, in an insinuating voice. "You won't throw me an' bolt, will'ee, Meg?"

Meggy remembered she had got a fishbone in her throat, and having, though with difficulty, disposed of it, said, abruptly, with the manner of one who is about to rush blindly into a transaction, whatever may happen, and with excessive volubility—

"I believe you only means what is right an' good for the benefit o' Miss Daisy. Mind, I'll lay down my life for her, an' fight while I've a ounce o' strength in a finger-joint for her. But I'm sure you mean her well, Mr. Rokeby, and your lady ma too, Mrs. Rokeby—she be a true gentlewoman, out-and-out, I've always heard, [illegible] have said, [illegible] from a flower. If she wants to serve her, it must be good for Miss Daisy, and I won't stand in the way. [illegible] me, Mr. Rokeby, and you too, Tib. What I can do I will do, and what I can't I can't—mind that!"

"It's what I've often said with a two-year-old filly," observed Tib, parenthetically.

Meg gave them a few instructions how to act, and then, endeavoring to preserve a calm demeanor, but being in a dreadful flurry, set out in a certain direction alone.

Wilfred and Tib waited until she had turned a corner; then they tripped their anchors, and crowded all sail after her.

They took a sharp turn round that corner, and observed the skirt of her dress giving a flourish round a further one; and this proceeding continued three or four times, until Meggy had vanished altogether.

Then Wilfred, taking the lead, pushed on for a brick wall, which he perceived at a little distance, some two hundred feet in length, above which rose a fringe of limes, acacias, and poplars. At the commencement of the wall was a low green door, which opened at his touch; and he descended a flight of stone steps, with Tib treading on his heels into a tunnel, excavated beneath lawn and shrubbery above, and was met at the first door visible by Meggy, who pulled them both nimbly into a dark passage, and shutting the door locked it.

"You must creep like mice," she whispered, tremulously, "and not make the least sound. Old Martin Stoke is always on the prowl, and he's got a foot like a cat. There's Abel, too, poking his nose in places where he ain't wanted, and dogs Miss Daisy's footsteps as if he was her spaniel. If either of 'em catch sight of you, they will blaze it out to Mark Jarrett, and then the house won't hold him."

Both Wilfred and Tib made a note respecting Abel Stoke—Wilfred, because of his spaniel-like behaviour to Daisy, and Tib, because he was in the habit of poking his nose where it was not wanted [illegible]

"Daisy!" he ejaculated, faintly.

"Mr. Rokeby!" was the responsive utterance, in a faint tone.

"You are surprised to see me here," he responded, articulating as if he had just [illegible]

"Very much, indeed," she returned, [illegible] "But [illegible] as if you were really your own [illegible] appearance."

"Of course," he rejoined, with his heart hanging about in his body like a hollow ball on a gently boiling water. "Of course, you did not expect me?"

"Unquestionably I did not," she returned, letting her eyelids fall, and [illegible] I could not have anticipated that Mr. Rokeby could have attempted an interview with me in such a strange, mysterious, and quite unusual manner."

She bent to him, and moved to retire; but he intercepted her.

"In the name of heaven, listen to me for a few moments," he exclaimed, with passionate earnestness. "I have approached you in the only manner open to me, with the fullest sense of the great respect which is your due; but you will remember that Mark Jarrett gave me but scant thanks when I intruded at an important moment at the Grange, and uninvited too. I was after that but too well aware that if I sought an interview with you in the usual mode that he would have roughly denied me an opportunity of delivering the important message from my mother."

"From Mrs. Rokeby to me!" exclaimed Daisy, elevating her eyebrows, and taken off her guard.

"Yes. I appear before you in this clandestine fashion only because I felt it imperative that you should receive her proposition when alone, so as to be able to think over it in the sanctity of your own chamber, unbiassed by any influence but those which originate in your own mind, and which you desire should govern your actions now, and especially in the future. I pray you to grant me the few minutes, and hear what she says to you, through me."

It might have been the appealing expression in Wil's eyes, the tremulous quiver of his rich voice, something in her own heart, or all combined, which induced her to glide, as it were, a step or so nearer to him, to turn her face, with a half-affrighted look in her eyes, to the door, and then, bending a timid gaze upon him, to say, softly and hurriedly—

"I understand your motives now, Mr. Rokeby. I wish that happier circumstances prevented the necessity of such a clandestine meeting as this. But I do not forget that you bravely and unselfishly imperilled yourself for Mark Jarrett's sake, and that I was equally benefited by that courageous deed. I will hear you; but I entreat you to be as speedy and as secret in your departure as you can, for Mark Jarrett is merciless in his wrath, and I should suffer deeply if he were to injure through me one who so nobly served him."

"I fear not Mark Jarrett, nor twenty such as he," responded Wil, proudly, even haughtily. "But I would not cause you a moment's uneasiness for the world."

She turned her face to the door and then again at him. She compressed her clasped hands.

"Every moment is a day for your safety," she urged, excitedly.

"In brief, then, I bear to you my mother's acknowledgments for having saved her life at the peril of your own—"

Daisy started in surprise.

"And mine, Daisy—mine," he added, with a quivering lip, "for the life of my dear mother is more to me than my own."

"The obligation was paid before it was due," murmured Daisy, still with an averted face, not being able to trust her own to words him, on account of the emotion he displayed, and which so had affected her.

He made a gesture of dissent with his hand, and resumed—

"Of course, there is no word in the vocabulary of thanks and gratefulness which can express her appreciation or my own of your daring and unexampled service. Yet my mother desires to testify her sense of it by an act which in some degree will take the form of giving—a life for a life."

Daisy turned to him instantly in astonishment.

"A life for a life," she echoed, faintly. "I do not comprehend you."

"Believe me, Daisy, that if there is one refinement of expression more than another, if there be one mode of treating a delicate subject more purified from every word or intimation that could jar the most susceptible feeling than another, I desire most solicitously to adopt it. And in that spirit only I speak in my mother's name. Knowing that there is a mystery surrounding you—knowing from certain sources with which she is acquainted, that you are not the daughter, not even the relative, of Mark Jarrett, and feeling that your position does not, from the manner in which he is introducing you into the world, assume its rightful place—seeing that you are motherless, in a way friendless, for the way of Mark Jarrett to you is not the way of a friend—she entreats you to make her home yours, to accept her as your guardian and guide—as one who, not being your mother, would love you, tend you, cherish you, with all the tenderness, solicitude, and fondness a mother could exhibit to her child—who would shield you and fence you with a protection from the world's dangers, and what is sometimes a greater peril, the world's cruel talk—that she would, in short, for her whole life henceforward prove to you, by every act of human kindness and human love it may be in her power to bestow, how deeply she appreciates and treasures the service which she is unable to acknowledge in less grateful form."

He paused for a moment, for it cost him a great effort to put the proposition in the terms he did. At every step he saw difficulties arise he had never imagined—and when he had finished he felt that she would turn upon him a grave, offended face.

But she did not. On the contrary, she concealed her face with her handkerchief, and the movement of her frame showed that for the moment she was convulsed by an irrepressible burst of tears.

She, however, removed the lawn covering quickly from her sweet features, and said, in a low, soft, sad voice—

"If you had not laid me under a deep obligation before I was able to intervene between Mrs. Rokeby and her danger, this most generous, womanly, undeserved proposition which she has made through you would have obliterated it. Tell her, I beg of you, Mr. Rokeby, that I fully comprehend her good intentions in making me the offer she has done—that I keenly appreciate her motives, and that I thank her as I ought to thank her—that I never will—that I never can—forget the favor that she has shown me, and I regret, if it be my duty to regret, that I cannot accept it."

"Do not, I pray you, answer now," he interrupted, hastily. "Think it over in the solitude of your chamber."

"Nay, Mr. Rokeby," she interposed, in her turn. "It is a subject which requires no reflection on my part. I acknowledge that I am surrounded by mysteries. I will confess to you," she added, with downcast eyes, and with evidently a pained effort, "that I do not even know who I am; but be the relation what it may in which Mark Jarrett stands to me, I owe to him consideration, duty, service, for the many kindnesses he has bestowed, I may say showered, upon me. I owe to him the only home I have known, an education which has fitted me to enter any higher sphere in which I may have to move, and in most respects has acted to me in a manner which forbids me to respond to it in the way now suggested."

"If you could only see—could only believe—imagine what I suffer by this refusal," he quickly rejoined, with extreme agitation. "I implore you to reconsider it, for—O Daisy! to me you are—"

A shadow interposed between him and Daisy, and a voice, forced through chattering teeth, exclaimed—

"Run to your dressing-room, miss. You come with me, Mr. Rokeby. There will be murder. Mark Jarrett and Martin Stoke are coming after you."

Wilfred felt himself being pulled along the corridor, and down the servants' staircase, as if he were a boy in the hands of a giant, and yet he was only in the strong hands of Meggy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Put the Children to Bed

Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any time but bed time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them then at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild licence. The judicious parent will not so mistake our meaning. If you have ever met the man or the woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home Dignity and Severity stood where Love and Pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

* * *

☞ Bishop Whitehouse recently undertook to illustrate a point in his sermon by telling his congregation how he had once been lost on the prairies of Illinois, and had wandered for a long time, weary and almost hopeless. At last he saw a light, and made his way slowly toward it, shouting for help. "Just as I thought I could go no further," said the Bishop, "and was about sinking down in despair, the door of a cabin opened before me, and the long-looked-for Sucker came." The unintentional pun brought the house down.

☞ As we have often told our readers—half the green wall papers sold have arsenic in them in quantities injurious to health. Never buy a green wall-paper nor carpet.

☞ The female students of Michigan University have organized a boat club, and propose competing with the Harvard, Yale, and other colleges' crews in the races this summer.

☞ All the thinking in the world will not help us to think. We must go direct to nature, so that beautiful ideas shall present themselves before us like Godsends, and call to us "Here we are."—*Goethe.*

☞ These Western editors ought not to venture on such big words. The Peoria Transcript tried "Congressional peripatetics," and the best the printer could make of it was "Congressional [illegible]."

☞ The intelligent compositor transformed the heading of a leader in a Michigan paper on "Stirring up the Old Post" into "Stirring up the Old Fool."

☞ The largest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over two thousand acres.

☞ The bayonet derives its name from the place where it was invented, Bayonne, in France, and was first used in battle as a weapon by the French in 1693, and soon became [illegible].

"VERY NARROW INDEED!"

BY ELLA WILLIAMS.

It was that fearfully hot summer that we all remember, and the Dennets and Seymours, to the third and fourth generation, were boarding with Mrs. Bangs at Seaside Point. Whenever one of us flitted, all the rest followed like a flock of wild geese. The two families had an inveterate habit of intermarriage, so that we were all related to each other, and never had a new idea among us. There was but one spare room left in the house, and, for my own part, I was heartily rejoiced when Mrs. Bangs opened my door suddenly one morning, and, inserting her head after the primitive fashion of the woodland districts, remarked, "You hain't seen the new boarder, have you?"

"No; what is she like?"

"It ain't a she, thank goodness! though for the matter of that, I ain't so dead set against having a lot of women in the house as some folks be. I've got to get my living out of city folks, and 'Jew or Gentile, bond or free, male or female,' I'll take 'em all in. A boarder's a boarder."

"I don't care what he is, Mrs. Bangs, if only he is not a Dennett nor a Seymour. Is he young?"

"Yes—no; that is, he's got a few white hairs in his head when you look close, but I wouldn't advise you to look close."

"Why not?"

"I don't know as I can give any reason, only I feel it in my bones. He ain't made out of my kind of clay; may be he's nearer yours." And Mrs. Bangs went on her way with that sharp laugh of hers, which was just like the click of a spring lock.

When I went in to the early dinner with my hair all flying, from the croquet-ground, and met the great, dreamy, all-absorbing eyes of the new-comer, I knew by intuition that Mrs. Bangs was right; he was, indeed, of another kind of clay, and perhaps as far from my particular sort as from hers. A high-bred face, worthy of Vandyke's painting. Among us he he reminded me of a Sevres china vase placed by mistake on the same shelf with a row of jugs and mugs of common stone-ware.

"Ladies, this is Mr. Wyndome," said Mrs. Bangs, as she took the head of the table, buttoning her sleeves at the same time; "so if you see him a-drownin' you needn't hesitate about pullin' him out because you hain't been introduced."

"Your introduction is a little one-sided after all," said Mr. Wyndome in a low, clear voice, that must have taken a large part of his life to educate.

"Oh, they haven't but two names amongst 'em. What ain't Dennets are Seymours. The old ones are married and the young ones mean to be."

"Thanks. Now I know all that any reasonable person could ask," said Mr. Wyndome, making us each a little bow, and taking the empty seat beside mine. Instinctively my hand went up to my hair to see if it really did stand out like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

"Do not be troubled, it is very becoming," said Mr. Wyndome, without looking at me. I knew no one else heard it, but I could not help blushing. It is my belief that all young girls blushed when he began to talk to them. An exquisite sense of preferment and distinction from the rest of womankind was conferred by his manner. "And still more so now," he went on. "No pencil can ever reproduce the face of a beautiful girl; to add anything to it would be to 'paint the lily and gild refined gold;' but when she blushes, it is like the first white rosebud which bethought itself of turning to a pink one."

Mr. Wyndome had the strangest eyes, of that dark, deep blue which tints the far-off sea, with the sun making diamond points all over it. I looked into them for half an instant, and they seemed to take away from me a certain self-reliance and defiant strength on which I had always prided myself. I had never been a prey to girlish enthusiasms, but I realized at once that my time had come and my king with it.

"Most people shake hands when they become friends; I see that we shall have no need to do that, Miss Seymour," said Mr. Wyndome.

"How can you be certain that I do not belong to the Dennett side?" I said.

"Because Seymour is more befitting your style. It is not difficult to imagine that Catherine Seymour looked as you do when bluff King Harry fell in love with her."

"It has always seemed to me that the thought of poor Anne Boleyn's head must soon have rusted her beauty."

"Not at all. A woman grudges no price to get her own way."

"Not all women," I protested, gathering up the remains of my old army to combat this bold attack.

"You have never been tempted, perhaps?"

"That makes no difference."

"Wait till you are—but I see your potato still has its jacket on. Don't let me interrupt your dinner."

He had thrown down the gauntlet on that matter for which I had always been ready to fight to the death. I was full of wrath, and never was a baked potato more ruthlessly crushed under knife and fork.

"You treat it as if it were a rival," said Mr. Wyndome; but I would take no notice. I made a fast and furious meal, and then I stole a look to see how he was getting on.

Whoever has read "Charles Auchester" cannot forget the poetical repasts in which its dramatis personæ were always indulging; the slices of pink ham, ethereal in thinness, and the flakes of snowy biscuit which did so refine upon the vulgar necessity of food, that one could keep on eating forevermore and never know a pang either of hunger or repletion.

Mr. Wyndome's manner elevated all food to this high ideal. He had trained his knife and fork like his voice. He was a sort of incarnation of high art. As I studied him furtively the great stone which he had seemed to cast at the splendor of womanhood dwindled to the merest pebble.

"Mrs. Bangs," he said pleasantly, "I have been trying to recall the name of that old-fashioned flower that is so common about your place. My mother liked them so much that the fragrance clings always to my childhood."

"I guess you must mean four-o'clocks. They grow themselves round here. I don't raise no flower but what comes in barrels," and Mrs. Bangs's spring-lock clicked again. I perceived the least little shiver in Mr. Wyndome as if the sound had jarred on his ear.

"I remember watching them to see if they really would shut up at four o'clock. Do you know any flower that shuts up precisely at noon?"

"I guess not," said Mrs. Bangs.

"Do you, Miss Kate?" he said, turning half a glance on my conscious face.

"It might be the morning-glory," I said.

"Possibly. It was certainly a very graceful flower that I had in mind." All my sudden wrath melted under his smile.

"My flower has opened again," he said; "what did it?"

"Perhaps the sun came out," I said, leaving him to go up stairs with Aunt Maria Seymour, whose wing was supposed to be my shelter while I remained at Seaside Point.

"Oh, Kitty," she began in her most distressed voice, which always reminded me of the clucking of a hen in trouble, "how can you flirt so outrageously with a perfect stranger? What would Tom say?"

"I don't care what he says. Tom has nothing to do with me."

"How can you say that, when he has loved you so long and so patiently?"

"If he will be foolish, I cannot help it. I have told him forty times at least that I don't love him the smallest particle of an atom."

"Well, at least you will tell Mr. Wyndome that he cannot keep Tom's seat beside you."

"Mr. Wyndome has as much right to sit beside me as Tom has. They won't fight about it. Now, Auntie, just shut Tom up in your heart, and turn the key on him for a minute, while you own that Mr. Wyndome is just the handsomest man that your old eyes ever looked upon."

"I don't deny that he is handsome, but there's a cold, still look on his face like a statue. He would draw, and draw, and draw upon a woman for all the love and worship there was in her, and give nothing in return. I know that kind of man, and that's why I do prize a hearty, unselfish, whole-souled young man like——"

"Oh, if you are going to let Tom loose upon me again, I will run away at once."

I had sincerely meant to tell Mr. Wyndome that he had taken Tom's seat, but since his mother had suggested it I would do no such thing; and it was not yet "set down i' the bond" that I might not flirt with all the world, if I enjoyed it.

I was really a Dennett, however much I might remind Mr. Wyndome of the ancient Seymours; but I should have been the wife of Tom Seymour, my step-cousin (if there be such a relationship), long before this present writing, had not his mother essayed to assist his courtship.

I liked Tom always; if he had married any other woman, I must have died of the surprise; but he was so ridiculously devoted that it never occurred to me to ask myself whether I loved him or not.

Aunt Maria did so plume herself when I treated Tom decently, and was so distressed and fluttered when the course of his true love did run against a snag in my temper, that I could not resist playing upon her feelings as if she were a piano.

Our gentlemen went into town to business every morning, and came out every night, Tom among them.

I waylaid him that same evening as he in a manner pitched out of the omnibus; he never could do anything slowly or gracefully; he must have been born at right angles to the rest of the world.

"Tom," said I, with the sweetest manner I had about me, "a new boarder came today—a gentleman, middle-aged and in delicate health. He took your seat, probably because it was in a corner and out of the draught. I think you had better let him keep it, and you can sit opposite with your mother, you know."

"Will you go over there, too?"

"Oh, no; there isn't room, and there's no special reason why you should always sit beside me."

"Yes, there is a very special one."

"Well, then, let me put it in this way. There's no reason why I should want you always to sit there, is there?"

"I hope so, dear Kate," said Tom in a cheerful tone, but his face lengthened visibly.

Mr. Wyndome had seen this little interview from a distance. He was stretched on a folding-chair at the other end of the piazza.

"You have banished your knight of the sorrowful countenance," he said as I approached him.

"Not forever; he has only gone up to change his coat."

"I hope the next one that I see him in will fit him better than the last."

"He doesn't care about his clothes, I believe," I said, actually blushing for Tom's carelessness before this self-appointed judge.

"Every one ought to care. A man's clothes should be as apparently a part of him as the furry coat of an animal. An ill-fitting coat is as great an offence to an educated eye as the sound of a cracked bell to a musical ear."

"Poor Tom!" I said, laughing, "he thinks all such matters insignificant compared with working hard all the time to help those who need help, and making all sorts of rough places smooth for tender feet. If he sees a poor woman carrying a pail of water across the road below here, he will take it from her and carry it himself."

"What amazing amiability!" said Mr. Wyndome, but his tone meant "What a fool!" And indeed I had sometimes thought that Tom's earnestness made him officious.

Tom sat opposite to us at the tea-table, and glowered at Mr. Wyndome as often as the exigencies of hunger permitted him to look up. He was always so hurried and driven by other people's work, that he followed the true American style of eating, not so much from want of good breeding as from lack of time.

I saw Mr. Wyndome lift his eyebrows once or twice, and drop his delicate hands in his lap, as if surprise at such careless haste took away his appetite. When Tom finally dragged his napkin across his lips, and throwing it on the table rushed out as if life and death depended on his losing no time, my neighbor turned to me.

"Is that young man conductor on an express train?"

"No, indeed," I said laughing, and yet feeling very much ashamed of Tom. "Why?"

"Because such an exhibition needs some excuse. I fear I must change my seat."

"Oh, don't do that!" I exclaimed.

"If you care to have me stay, that atones for anything," and he made me a bow worthy of Brummel.

When I went out on the piazza in the twilight, I found Mr. Wyndome and Tom talking together. It seemed to me that Tom's great body never looked so slouchy and ungainly as when contrasted with the finished grace of his companion.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom, holding out a full case to Mr. Wyndome.

"Thanks; I never use tobacco in any form."

"I hope the smoke is not offensive to you. I know Kate rather likes it."

"I beg your pardon, but it really affects my head so disagreeably that I cannot remain in it five minutes. I will leave you to enjoy it together."

Mr. Wyndome had sunk into the folding-chair, and really looked as if he would never move again. I glanced reproachfully at Tom.

"Don't stir, Mr. Wyndome. I am the aggressor, and I will go away," said Tom.

Mr. Wyndome shivered.

"You are cold," I said; "let me bring you the travelling-shawl in the hall."

"I cannot permit you to take so much trouble," he said politely; but I brought the shawl and wrapped it about his shoulders. It seemed the only thing I could do, for he was perfectly passive.

"Stay a minute," he said as I turned away; "it is a perfect night, full of such stuff as dreams are made of."

I sat down on the step, nearly at his feet. I meant to remain only the minute that he had mentioned, but the charm of the dewy stillness controlled me. Many minutes passed away, and I grew reckless. His low voice, and strange, sweet talk, enveloped me in a new atmosphere.

"I wonder," said I, "why one's state of mind is so much more contemplative, and in a sense exalted above mean and common things, in the evening than in the morning."

"It's a fact without a reason," said Mr. Wyndome. "Morning should be lost and forgotten in sleep. A fine spirit finds itself always jarred by the raw air of the early hours of the day. The more a people become civilized, the more they prolong the evening time. The stars have far more influence on our thoughts than even the plan[et]s old astrologers believed. Their music is even sweeter than Plato imagined; but one must have gone into the other world, as I have, to hear it in its full beauty."

"As you have?" I repeated breathlessly.

"Yes; I have found it possible at times so to divest my soul of its shell as to go inside the veil that parts us all from perfect happiness. Grosser natures will have it that I have cultivated my imagination to such a fine point that I don't know the seeming from the real, but their judgment does not alter the delicious fact. I bring away from that world, which is far more real than this, exquisite pictures that will hang in my memory till I go to make an integral part of them."

"Oh, show me some of them," I whispered, trembling all over in the starry darkness that had now fallen about us, and seemed to shut us out from the rest of the world.

"I think I will try to show you the most beautiful sight that ever made glad my earth-weary eyes. You must think of a glorified earth, the verdure greener, the flowers brighter, the ground more picturesque in hill and dale, and the streams falling over high rocks in white spray, and shining like showers of diamonds in the soft sunlight. Cold is unknown there, and the heat is so tempered that one never gives a thought to it.

"Lovely little white pavilions are nestled among trees here and there, some on the edge of precipitous rocks or on the brow of high hills, for there is no such word or sensation as fatigue; one has only to wish to be in a certain spot, and one is instantly borne there as on invisible wings. But the loveliest picture that I was able to bring away with me, was when the young mothers with a sort of glory round their heads bring their children to a certain little valley hemmed in by steep hills; a bright little stream runs merrily under the drooping trees which bathe their branches in it. The mothers weave these branches together over the water into a sort of cradle, and laying the little ones in it, they are lulled to sleep by the musical ripple beneath them; and the mothers, beautiful as peris, lie down on the grassy banks and talk together in sweet murmurous voices, that make but one melody with the running water."

In the silence that followed I seemed to see with his eyes.

"Kate, Kate, you will take your death on that doorstep. What are you thinking of?" called out Aunt Maria, in her fussiest voice. I knew her persistent way too well to delay a moment; but I was bitterly angry.

"It seems to me that I am sufficiently grown up to be allowed to choose whether I will sit on a doorstep or on a chair," I said, in a cold, hard voice that always frightened Aunt Maria out of her wits.

"Yes, dear Kate, but you know best, of course; but Tom said—"

"Of course it was Tom. Where is he?"

"In my room. Don't be cross to him. He is just the best fellow—"

"He's too good; that's the trouble," said I, rising rapidly to a white heat of wrath.

"Tom," I said, confronting him, as he smoked placidly in his mother's great chair.

"Well."

"It is not 'well' at all! it is very ill indeed when you will stoop to send your mother to interrupt a conversation which gave me the most exquisite pleasure."

"What was he saying to you, Kate?"

"It does not matter to you in the least what he said. He is the most gifted man I ever met; his imagination amounts to genius. His conversation gives me a happiness so rare that I mean to enjoy every moment of his society that I possibly can."

"Why don't you add 'so there?' It would be a very fitting and womanish end to your defiance. Kate, can it be possible you have never heard of this man or read any of his articles in the magazines? His imagination would be truly wonderful if it were not known that he gives it a lift with opium. He is sickened by tobacco smoke, forsooth, but can muddle his brains forever with wine. In one of his inspiring descriptions of beautiful scenery, he says that on entering a certain pass which commands the finest view in the world, he clasped hands with his friend, and they thanked God that they had lived to see that day. Now I have it from a witness of the scene, that he entered that pass hanging like a bag of meal over a mule's back, dead-stupid with opium or liquor."

"Tom, I will never believe it. Such men always have implacable enemies. Common people abhor nothing so much as genius."

"And I am one of those common people, you would say, Kate," said Tom in a grieved voice, and going out before I could answer him. The spell which Mr. Wyndome had cast over me resumed its sway instantly, and I sat through many silent hours thinking his thoughts. I said to myself over and over, that it was my duty to be with him as much as possible for my own improvement, since the rest of my life was doomed to be spent among commonplace people.

Mr. Wyndome was never visible till noon, and my mornings grew very hard to kill. We spent the afternoon in a little wilderness of high pine trees, near the house, and yet far enough away to give us a feeling of isolation and loneliness.

Here we took up the conversation of the evening before, and the hours went away like a dream. When we returned to the house, Tom was waiting for us.

"Sit down a minute, Kate. I want to show you these little photographs of 'Faust.' They are German, and the most perfect things you ever saw. That one is the best, I think," said Tom, holding out to me that familiar scene where Margaret, garmented in innocence, is walking to church, and Faust observes her, with Mephistopheles at his elbow, suggesting her ruin.

"It would be lovely but for that one hideous figure," I said, passing it on to Mr. Wyndome.

"That figure is a grand mistake," he said. "Mephistopheles doubtless appeared to Faust as an elegant and fascinating gentleman, though cynical to a fault, and as such he should always be pictured. People say 'ugly as sin,' whereas sin is nearly always beautiful and attractive to the eye, so that we rush to embrace it. Milton's Satan is far handsomer than Adam, and justly so. He saw better with his blind eyes than did those fathers of the church who felt bound to invest the Prince of Darkness with horns and cloven feet. In 'Vathek,' which, by the way, is one of the finest books in the world, the prince of Eblis is of noble stature and presence, but his face seems to be tarnished with malignant vapors. That is precisely my own idea of him."

"I prefer to think of him as the grimmest and sootiest of apparitions, as he looked when Luther threw his inkstand at him," said Tom.

"I suppose it is the consequence of sin that is ugly, and the ravaged state of things after Satan has taken a long walk up and down the earth seeking what he may devour," I said, putting in my oar rather bashfully.

"Possibly the effect blackens the cause," said Mr. Wyndome; "nevertheless I cannot but believe that when he finds anything to devour, he does it gracefully and like a prince." I thought I detected in the remark a covert sarcasm levelled at Tom, but it was wholly wasted.

"So let it be," said Tom, moving away and beckoning to me to follow; I did so with some impatience. "I'll detain you only a moment, Kate. I don't find myself perfectly happy here. Perhaps Mrs. Bangs's bad grammar grates on my nerves," and he made a grimace over his shoulder at Mr. Wyndome. "I think I will take a little tour to recover the tone of my mind."

"How long shall you be gone, Tom," I asked, with a strange joy at my heart that every movement would not be watched when he should be away.

"A week, I think. If you don't come to your senses in that time, there's no hope for you."

My indignation was too deep for words, and I returned at once to Mr. Wyndome, who sat in his usual place.

"You look as if you had been scolded," he said. "I must charm that look out of your face, for it makes you almost plain."

"He cannot do it again. He is going away."

"For all such mercies let us be devoutly thankful! He jars on every nerve in my body. That misshapen hand is enough of itself. I have been dreading that he would have some excuse to shake hands with me ever since I saw it. If he had any refinement, he would cover it with a glove."

"It is not misshapen," I protested, surprised into a defence. "It was mutilated in the war, when he was in the thick of a battle."

"Yes, he is just the sort of person to plunge into a war and stand up to be shot like a dog. I suppose he called it patriotism, and deluded you into the notion that it is a great and noble thing for human beings to turn prize-fighters, till the powers that be stop it with a treaty. You would shrink from seeing a bull-fight, which is far less destructive of human life, and therefore more worthy than a battle."

"But the cause of freedom," I put in faintly.

"How many wars have been carried on only for that cause?" he said, contemptuously; "and even if no battle was ever fought except for liberty, how much better it would be for the master-spirits of the age to come together and settle the dispute by pure brain work as well first as last."

"I suppose you are right," I said, meekly, one cherished bulwark of my character after another falling before his siege. Tom's bravery had been my pride and boast; but, as I now recalled, he had himself said that it was more animal courage—the blind rush of a bulldog—than any high moral force that drove him on in battle.

Aunt Maria dared not say her soul was her own, unless she had Tom to uphold her. There was no one to say me nay, and for one strange, rapturous, melancholy week I lived upon every word that proceeded out of Mr. Wyndome's mouth. He moulded my thoughts as clay in the hands of the potter. I suffered myself to follow him about like a shadow, and to behave as if all the Dennetts and Seymours in the house had been stone images, blind and dumb to my goings on. This sort of living above or below myself could not last long, it was too unnatural. I had a consciousness that a crisis must come soon, and it did come with a vengeance.

We were sitting in the moonlight, on the fallen trunk of a tree near the house, when Mr. Wyndome broke a long silence. "How cold your hands are; give them to me—to keep," and he chafed them gently with fingers that felt for softness like the leaves of a camelia; no woman's skin had ever a finer texture. I began to tremble, and my hands grew hot under his magnetic touch.

"I think my morning-glory opens only for me in these latter days," he said, drawing me closer to him. "She has learned to love me, is it not so?"

"Oh, Mr. Wyndome," I burst out, "it seems to me that your soul has entered into mine and taken possession. I don't know whether I love you or not."

"Give me the benefit of the doubt then, my little shrinking flower."

I laid my head on my clasped hands and shed some silent, passionate tears. He made me lift it after a while, with little soothing phrases and loving words. Even then, a sort of conscious pain flushed through me that all the rapture and excitement were on my side, and he was as thoroughly at ease as if he had done the same thing every week of his life.

"It will be a dreadful bore for us to stay in this great boarding-house, pierced continually by Mrs. Bangs's gimlet eyes. I don't think I could have endured it until now but for you, sweetheart."

"But if they knew that we were engaged, they would leave us more to ourselves." Mr. Wyndome started, it might have been with a sudden chill.

I thought I had said the most natural thing in the world. Of course people became engaged at the moment they had mutually confessed their love, but his next words made me blush with shame and mortification.

"Engaged!" repeated my lover with a sneer; "of all conventional words, that is the most disgusting. As if one had made a bargain that he was bound to consummate before witnesses at a fixed time. I hate such business-like ways in the grand passion." My hands were cool again now.

"I have it," said Mr. Wyndome, after thinking a few minutes in silence. "I think you know Mrs. Ayr?"

"Mrs. Philip Ayr?"

"Yes; she is an intimate friend of mine, and has most tender mercies toward lovers. I will ask her to invite you to her house, and I will be there too. Let us have one little fortaste of the heaven I have told you of. It may never come to us again."

"We were intimate with Mrs. Ayr once, when she was Mrs. Eliot; but after—after she went away with Mr. Ayr, of course we had to give her up."

"Don't say 'of course,' Kate, if you love me. Why should you give up that poor woman, who, neglected and cruelly abused by Mr. Eliot, seized the first helping hand that was held out to her?"

"We all pitied her, Mr. Wyndome, but you must own she did very wrong. Every one knows it."

"Do they? Then I have ceased to be part of every one. Mr. Ayr got a divorce for her, and they were married to satisfy that absurd social code which prevails in this absurd world; but the true marriage came before the divorce, when they began to love each other. The few words mumbled over them by a minister made no difference either way."

"Mr. Wyndome, if you were to take me for better or worse, and after a while I grew old and faded, would you think it right to love another woman, and run away with her?"

"You put it rather coarsely, Kate."

"The thing itself is coarse, not my way of saying it. I beg you will answer me."

"Did you ever read 'Elective Affinities?'" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," I said, "I am ashamed to own that I have read it."

"Then you know my creed. If two people tire of each other, finding that they have made a mistake, I say, let them take the remedy into their own hands as soon as may be."

My hands and heart were both cold enough now; a deadly chill was growing over me. I tried to draw away from him, but he held me tight.

"Oh, Mr. Wyndome, tell me that you will take all this back. It is just a horrid dream. You must believe in that marriage of love and sacrifice which endures to the end. Life would not be worth having without it."

"I believe in love. First of all, my darling, let us return to it. Nothing kills it like argument."

"O dear, I groaned, "you could not have shocked me more if you had told me you had a wife already; but I know you are only cruelly testing my regard for you."

"That shock is waiting for you, Kate. My wife was in New York when I left there a fortnight since. My private affairs are so well known that I thought you had heard of her existence."

"You thought I knew it, and yet would suffer myself to love you. Good Heavens!"

"Don't swear, Kate; there is no habit more demoralizing to a woman. I don't know why you should not have loved me all the same. I am precisely the same person, married or single."

I snatched my hands from him and sprang over the log on which we had been sitting. All at once I breathed a new and purer air. The little space between us seemed the black gulf into which I had nearly fallen with his leading.

A sudden rush of pity for the wretched wife of this man swept away all that unworthy passion for him which I had well hesitated to call love. I brushed the tumbled hair from my face and the films from my eyes at the same moment.

"I certainly think, sweet Kate, that you never looked so handsome in your life," said Mr. Wyndome in his laziest tone.

"Mr. Wyndome, you do well to preach that Satan is a graceful and elegant man of the world. From this night I believe it, and from my heart I thank you for giving me a glimpse of his cloven foot before it was too late."

I looked once more full into those bewildering eyes, and found there rage, disappointment, ironical thanks, anything but love. Then I ran quickly to the house, and moving softly along the piazza I looked into the window of my aunt's sitting-room. She was not there, but Tom sat in her arm-chair with his long legs dangling over the arm. His pipe was between his lips, but no smoke issued from it. He was gazing hard into the fire-place for want of a fire, and looked very miserable indeed. In another minute I was kneeling by that chair, and pressed that poor wounded hand to my lips again and again. He laid the pipe down carefully—he would have done that if he had seen the gates of heaven opening—and raised me to my feet.

"Kate, is it possible?" he said slowly.

"Now don't be a stupid old George of Denmark, and keep on saying 'Is it possible?' Who else should it be but Kate?"

"Did you kiss my hand, Kate, or did I dream it?"

"You dreamed it of course, but, Tom, you are giving me a dreadful disappointment all this time."

"What do you mean?"

"You never failed till now, when you saw me alone to ask me to marry you." And then I laid my tired head on his shoulder and cried heartily, my shame and sorrow all soaking into the collar of his new coat with my tears.

"What have you been doing since I went away, Kate?" said Tom in a very grave voice.

Oh, how my respect grew up like a tree for the blessed Tom, whom I had always undervalued till now. He did not mean to take me the first minute that I threw myself at his feet till he knew what he was taking, let him love me never so well.

He took his right place then, and he never lost it.

"Don't ask me, dear. I have played a fool's part, but innocently, Tom, and Mr. Wyndome played knave. And just think of it, Tom, that awful man had a wife in New York all the time."

"Yes, I know," said Tom quietly.

"You knew it!" I fairly screamed, "and never told me—the woman that you pretended to want for a wife."

"I should not have wanted you for my wife if you had sacrificed yourself to him."

"But you might have saved me, you know."

"If you were to be my wife, I preferred that you should save yourself."

"Yes, I see, you proud old thing, and I *have* saved myself, and now——"

"And now what?" said Tom wickedly.

"Now—I—will—be—your—wife," I said, hesitating between the words, partly for shame, and partly because Tom stopped my mouth with kisses.

Every soul in the house knew that Tom and I were engaged before they went to sleep that night. Tom had not the least objection to the word "engaged." To him it was the most cheerful and satisfactory word in the language. To have "the bargain consummated before witnesses at a fixed time" seemed to be all that he lived for. The wedding was to happen in the early autumn.

Mr. Wyndome rose early once in his life. Mrs. Bangs announced at dinner next day that he went away in the morning train.

"I ain't denying that he was a beautiful boarder," she said, but somehow I feel easier to have him in New York than here."

"So do I," said Tom heartily; and from that day to this Mr. Wyndome's name has never been spoken between us.

I had been bound hand and foot to seamstresses and dress makers for many weeks, when I sat one morning with one of my tyrants in an upper chamber of Aunt Maria's house, idly watching the passers-by. All at once I had a creeping of the flesh. The loveliest brunette I had ever seen, in the very dew of her youth, with a creamy skin and scarlet lips, walked slowly by leaning on Mr. Wyndome's arm. Her soul-lit eyes were gazing into his, with no thought of the crowd that met and followed her. Perfection does not change, of course, and Mr. Wyndome was the same hero before whom I had been ready to fall down and worship.

"This skirt ought to have at least seven narrow flounces—very narrow indeed," said Miss Piping the dressmaker.

"*Very narrow indeed!*" I repeated like a parrot.

She was thinking of my flounces; I was thinking, with deep thanksgiving, of my escape.—*Galaxy.*

* * *

☞ A beautiful young lady who had allowed the tendrils of her heart to twine fondly around a strapping great conductor on a horse-car, had her affectionate nature crushed by the discovery that he was taking fare from her and dead-heading another girl on the same street. She did not eat pickles and pine away, but wrote him an affecting epistle, which read: "You want to nok down enuff stamps to get me a paisler shawl & a dolley varden before sunday or i will put an awning over that girl's eye the next time I meet her in society. You heer me."

☞ Pete Barber, a Frenchman who lived in Danville, Vt., used, while the liquor law was in force in that place, to resort to some queer devices to obtain the drink which his soul loved. At one time he was building a barn, and at the raising of it he had a large crowd of thirty individuals. They got the barn partly up, when they declared that they would do no more without something to drink. So Pete mounted his French pony and started for the Green. He rode up to the agent's door, and said: "I want a gallon of rum, quick; a man's come down off the building." The agent seized the jug and money, and hastened to put up the required liquor, and as he handed it to him inquired if it hurt him much. "No; I think not," said Pete, "for he came down on the ladder." His barn was raised soon after he got back.

☞ Bellefonte, Penn., has no professional gambler within her limits. The Tyrone Herald accounts for this by saying that the way that the residents turn up jack, when it is six and six, and their deal, is disheartening, and no gambler can make an honest living there.

☞ EXTRACTING A NEEDLE.—The Scientific American tells of a lady who ran a needle into her flesh breaking it off, leaving a piece imbedded. A magnet was placed over the part and worn for three days, when the needle was found drawn to the surface and removed.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

The Destruction of Lone Pine, California—Later Particulars.

The Lone Pine correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle gives the following account of the appearance of the town after the great earthquake, and also of the scene at the time of the shake:—

Fairly in the town, and looking backward and forward, and to the right and to the left, and to all the four points of the compass, the eye takes in such a vast agglomeration of ruins as strikes terror in its contemplation. Wherever you turn are fallen houses and great masses of stone, bricks and adobes, or houses wrenched by the shock into all conceivable shapes. The streets are piled high with this debris; broken boards and flattened roofs figure everywhere, whichever way you go; and sometimes you find a stain on the mass of adobe, as if water had fallen upon them, but that is the stain of blood. These have tumbled upon some unconscious sleeper—man, woman or child—and flattened the skull or mashed the flesh and bones into unrecognizable pulp. Each stained adobe has its history—a history of surprise in the dead of night; of some one, startled out of sleep by the horrible quivering of the earth, leaping in mad haste out of bed, gazing alarmedly upon cracking walls and sinking roofs, then flying, in the agony of despair, to escape from the quick-falling ruin, only to encounter locks, which had been turned in fancied security—potent to keep out burglar and thief, but impotent to exclude the searching earthquake—a few hours before, and bolts, and bars, and latches; to encounter the hurtling adobes and be stricken by the tumbling walls; to confront death in its most hideous form.

THE FIRST GREAT SHOCK.

But at about two o'clock in the morning came crackling through the night a report as if an enemy had suddenly descended upon the town and at once discharged his artillery; as if a hurricane had gotten into activity in the bowels of the earth and roared fiercely for release, and then, quick as the flash of lightning, the earth trembled and rocked to and fro, and cracked with sharp, piercing detonations, and swayed as if in the impulse of some wild, fantastic dance, and in another instant Lone Pine was a smoking mass of ruins, the earth belching out sulphurous gases and flames, and the inhabitants flying into the streets as though possessed with a frenzy. At first everything was hidden from view, the falling houses and the crumbling adobes emitting a dense cloud of dust, which, blended with the gases of the earth, enveloped every object in impenetrable darkness, and but added horror to the scene.

WILD CRIES FOR HELP

filled the air, but none could tell whence they came or in what direction lay the greatest danger. People shouted vainly "For "God's sake, help me," "I am buried alive," "Save my children," or helplessly clamored for husband, or son, or brother. No relief could come, for none knew whence issued the heartrending cries. The violent storm suddenly set in again, and the clouds of dust disappearing, the distracted throngs in the streets were permitted to gaze upon the wrecks surrounding them; to realize, in all its ghostly hideousness of detail, the terrible calamity which had overtaken them, and like the fatal avalanche of the Alps, buried so many of them in its great ruin.

SHOCK AFTER SHOCK

now followed in succession, more swift than I can describe, until the intervals between their recurrence grew so short that it seemed as if the quiverings of the earth would never cease; and at each shock the earth yawned, and dense gases escaped from its gaping fissures.

The shrieks of the captives in the *debris* pierced the air at every turn, and now the men, in such a grand burst of heroism as only such calamities may evoke, sank all thought of their own danger, and leading their wives and daughters into the shelter of the few frame houses, sprang bravely to the work of rescuing those who were buried in the fallen houses and helpless to extricate themselves. For hours, and in the deep silence of a stern earnestness in the performance of duty, these gallant men imperilled their own lives in this God-like work of salvation. Body after body was extricated, some stiff and stark in death, others bruised and mangled and white with the horrors of their situation. Sometimes this work of extraction was a herculean task, but in such trying times men make herculean efforts, and each accomplishes what under ordinary circumstances would task severely the strength of a dozen to perform. A roof had to be lifted clear sometimes in order that the mangled bodies underneath, the dead and the dying, might be brought out of their frightful prisons; a wall had to be knocked down, a mass of adobes—bricks which crumble at the touch of the earthquake, but often defy successfully the efforts of man—had to be removed slowly and tediously.

A MOTHER KILLED WITH THREE CHILDREN.

Maria Tarrasona was a Mexican woman who lived in an adobe building at the Southern end of the town. She had three children, young, tender things, and together this family lived, as I have said. When the shock came all were in bed, the mother and the youngest child sleeping together, and the other two dreaming their bright young dreams in the snug folds of their blankets. As the shock struck this fated house a wild cry was heard, and in an instant more the walls had been precipitated upon them, and the roof had flattened upon their bodies. One by one they were extricated from the ruins—a child first, then the mother, and then the other two children. Their skins were blue with the action of the compressed blood, and broken and bruised and disfigured as well as discolored. The poor woman was dead, and her three little ones had met a like fate. The youngest was found clasped to the bosom of its poor mother—the last long embrace, and together they took the plunge into the vast sea of eternity.

☞ WOMANLY DESPAIR.—One who assumes to know, says that womanly despair for the loss of a lover endures three months in the winter and two in the summer; the second month a lady becomes interested in the new style of hair-dressing; the third, she burns her love-letters. Twelve months afterward she hears of her former lover's marriage, and wonders "how she could have loved a man with a red moustache."

☞ Some person upon whom heaven has bestowed an equal amount of ingenuity and charity, suggests that the reason for the New York practice of throwing wash-basins, brick-bats, and occasionally a small stove or two from the third-story windows, may be found in the scarcity of our holidays. The natural playfulness of the American character must have some vent.

☞ A singular custom exists in the island of New Providence. A correspondent writing from Nassau says: "I saw a house standing at some distance in a field, pleasantly situated, and made inquiry concerning it. 'That,' said my friend, 'is a house to which, in conformity with a singular custom prevailing in Nassau, newly-married couples go to pass the honeymoon. They take a servant or two and steal away from the town to this place, from which, after a becoming period is passed, they come forth again. There is nobody there now, but it will be occupied soon, for the rector of one of the churches in Nassau is to be married in a few days.' No information as to when or how the custom originated is given."

LOW DRESSES.

It is a mystery how anything so hideous and unmeaning as the modern low dress ever came in. There was nothing approaching it in baseness of design, in poverty of invention or opportunities for indecency, in the days of the finest costumes—I had almost said in any previous age. There have been many corrupt fashions, but they have almost always been picturesque ones.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the women were sufficiently decolletée for such a book to be published as "A Just and Seasonable Reprehension of Naked Breasts and Shoulders," with a preface by Richard Baxter, and they were as bad in the eighteenth century; but then if the dress was not so high behind, the arms were covered to the elbow—the whole effect was not so scanty and fleshy as the modern low back and back and shoulder-straps.

This last fashion must have been introduced gradually. Some leader of fashion who had beautiful shoulders, thought it a pity that they should bloom unseen, and may have pushed down the high dress accordingly. Well, if you are not shy about exposing your neck, a dress pushed open loosely is not ugly, far from it. There would be folds naturally falling in a pretty form, nearly horizontally. Probably at first the actual shoulder-joint was hidden, then, as the rage for self-display increased, and as the ladies emulated each other in it, the dress got to be entirely off the shoulder—and possibly the straight horizontal plaits round the shoulders of our mothers in their girlish days were the remnants, or an imitation of the natural folds. Then the enterprising dress-maker soon yearned for a change of ornament, and the loose "Berthe" gradually hardened into the plain, tight, low bodice, with a still harder and more unmeaning tucker sewn in (once the close chemise,) run through with a black string, from which we have so long suffered. The sleeves shrunk shorter and shorter, from the elbow rich with ruffles, to the round ball-sleeve, then to degenerate variations of it, till it narrowed into a finger-wide foundation for bows and lace, and became, finally, the detestable "strap."

Again, observe the unmeaningness of the low-neck fashion. Our mothers wore low dresses and bare arms all day long; they knew if their shoulders and arms were beautiful they would look as well by daylight as candlelight; if, in their daily occupations, the English climate would not temper its winds to the shorn lambs or limbs of fashion, they tucked in a kerchief, or fastened on long sleeves in the morning. Why, the servant-maids wore low dresses, too, at that time. There was sense then in throwing off the kerchief in the evening, when there was nothing harder to be done than chatting in a warm drawing-room, and exposing as much of the body as was fashionable to display above what we may call the Bran. It was not unmeaning then. In those days people were only just recovering from the extraordinary classic mania of 1794, under the influence of David, the painter. There was not a vestige of crinoline, not too many petticoats, and no folds; and as the entire form and action of the body were distinguishable, a lady had to be very careful how she crossed her legs, lolled on sofas, or ran across a room. To do such things gracefully was the study of every girl; hence, walking, entering a room, taking a seat, &c., were practiced under artistes, as we have since practiced the rapid steps of modern round dances. We are, at the present day, adhering to a form whose motive and spirit departed seventy years ago; we have lost its careful grace, and retained its doubtful delicacy, and added an ugliness of our own, which our grandmothers were quite ignorant of. The crinolines have superseded all our attention to posture; and the long trains, which can hardly look inelegant even on clumsy persons, make small ankles or full ones a matter of little moment. We have become inexpressibly slovenly. Our fashionable women stride and loll in open defiance of elegance; we no longer study how to walk, perhaps the most difficult of all steps to do gracefully. If they patronize crinoline, they jump coquettishly in their "balloons," so that these leap up as though on springs; push by chairs, forgetful that crinolines bend up behind and reveal their uncared-for boots, not to say stockings. They know not, nor do they care, that men smile at such want of caution, and attribute it to other motives than that of complete and utter slovenliness. Our women are most blind and stupid followers of fashions still imposed upon them, Heaven only knows wherefore and by whom.—*Saint Paul's Magazine.*

"BEWARE OF THE VIDDERS."

AN ENGLISH BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

The celebrated case of Bardell vs. Pickwick has made historical the danger of meddling with widows. But Mr. Pickwick was lucky, and his resolute pursuer the most timid and retiring of women compared to the plaintiff and defendant in a recent English breach of promise suit, which is certainly one of the oddest on record. The action, which is to serve hereafter as a warning to designing men and a sword and buckler to defenceless and outraged widowhood, is entitled "Kent vs. Crook," and its singularity consists in the fact that the real defendant whom Crook represents has already departed to that land where it is popularly supposed there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. The plaintiff, a widow 29 years of age, went to live in 1870 as housekeeper with a Mr. Vincent, who, she alleges, offered her marriage. The astute defendant bethought himself of dying, as the most effectual way to get out of the scrape—and he accordingly died in October, 1871. But widowed perseverance and the unfathomable resources of British law were again too much for masculine cunning. Mrs. Kent, declining, like a new Proserpine, to follow her recreant lord to the shades, contented herself with bringing an action against his estate for damages. Naturally, having all the testimony on her side, as well as the traditional sympathies of the intelligent jury, she won her case, and went out of court triumphant, with a verdict of £150. Let middle-aged gentlemen with fascinating housekeepers ponder and beware.

OFFENSIVE BUSINESSES.

Nobody ever carried on any sort of business which he was willing to admit to be offensive to the noses of the neighborhood. Maintainers of nuisances always insist that those who complain of them are deficient in a proper sense of smell. At Bermondsey, England, the Messrs. Salmon pursued the manufacture of artificial manure, out of "putrid fish, the blood and refuse of slaughter-houses, pigs'-hair, decayed animal matter and garbage of all kinds." Being indicted for this heaven-smelling offence, the Messrs. Salmon urged, in extenuation, that their manufacture did not and could not produce any unpleasant odor. Unfortunately, for their case, the Court ordered a view, or rather, we should say, a smell of the premises by the jury; and the whole twelve came back from the visit rampant to render a verdict of "Guilty." The Lord Chief Justice, who appears to have joined in the visit of the jury, declared that the smell actually took his breath away, and added that "such atrocious stenches were a scandal to the sanitary condition of the country." After that the defendants had small chance.

☞ A shop-window in London displays the following sign: "Actresses reduced to 2s. 6d. per dozen." Perhaps it would be well to add that the shop is a photographer's.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, of which accounts have been received within the past week is unquestionably one of the most terrible that has occurred in modern times. The demonstration has been attended with most appalling convulsions of the mountain, with loud detonations, extraordinary outbursts of flame and smoke and lava, and with electrical phenomena of an alarming character. But the practical consequences of the eruption have been even more fearful. At least three or four villages have been completely destroyed; farms and vineyards have been buried beneath the boiling lava stream, and an unknown number of human lives has been sacrificed. At one time even the city of Naples had an experience which will make this outbreak memorable. Clouds of ashes blew over the city, and fell like snow, covering the streets to the depth of several inches. The town of Massa de Sorrento, nineteen miles from Naples, was overwhelmed by a storm of stones and burning cinders, from the fury of which the inhabitants fled, leaving the town to destruction. Beneath such storms of ashes and cinders Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried; and if the volcano continued for many days in its turbulent condition, several towns might share their fate. The latest accounts indicate however that the eruption is abating in violence.

THE CARLISTS IN SPAIN.

The Carlist outbreak in Spain is attracting the earnest attention of the Government, and heavy bodies of troops are in motion in the various infected districts in order to put down the insurrection. Of these forces Marshal Serrano is the commander. Some engagements have taken place, with the advantages on the side of the Government. The head of the Revolutionists Don Carlos, is a man of great physical force, deficient education, and mediocre ability, and all the arrogance of Louis XIV. in his political ideas. He believes, with an entire conviction which is rare among men of his age, that he is an instrument in the hands of Heaven to re-establish the power of the Church and the monarchy in the Peninsula. This man lately issued an address to the people of Spain, in which he announced his determination to deliver Spain from the chains of the foreign invader or die in the attempt. As to the condition of affairs in Spain reports are conflicting, some representing the spread of the insurrection as enormous, while more reasonable accounts seem to show that its strength lies almost wholly in small disconnected bands. Some of these have been captured entire, and a general pursuit of others is in progress. On the other hand, the army is said to be united and in good spirits, while everywhere the Republicans and Progressionists are casting in their allegiance on the side of the Government. This may be true as against the Carlist, but they will unite in opposition to the usurpations of Amadeus, and in favor of a Republican form of government, such as was promised by Prim and Serrano when they called upon the people to expel Isabella from the kingdom.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A telegram has been received in London from Bombay, announcing the safety of Dr. Livingstone. The steamer Abydos, which carried the English Livingstone Search Expedition to Zanzibar, had arrived at Bombay from that place, with intelligence that the great traveller was safe.

LIVERPOOL, April 30.—The strike of the cartmen of this city is spreading, and those now idle are parading the streets, singing songs, and cheering as they march. A number of inexperienced men have come in from the country to fill, if possible, the places of the strikers. No trouble is yet reported. The strike has caused trade in the city to become dull.

The Atlanta boat club crew, of New York, have established their quarters at a private house, in Hammersmith, where they will remain until the match with the London crew has been rowed. The Americans were out on the Thames for practice for the first time this morning.

The thanksgiving festival for the restoration of the health of the Prince of Wales was held at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday. The attendance was immense.

ITEMS.

The first championship game of the season between the Boston and Baltimore Base Ball Clubs, was played at Baltimore, May 2. It was won by the Boston, 5 to 4.

W. O. Bartlett is reported to have retired from the defence of Stokes, owing to a difference of opinion as to the proper method of conducting the case, and John Graham threatens to withdraw in consequence of the neglect of the prisoner to comply with his instructions.

East Tennessee and Illinois both promise large fruit crops.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in the Academy of Music at Brooklyn, May 1st. Bishops Morris, Simpson, Ames and Janes were present. It was decided, by a vote of 279 to 1, to admit lay delegates as part of the General Conference.

The labor troubles in Berlin, Germany, continue. The builders and master masons have joined with the carpenters in the lock-out movement. Thousands of working men are thrown out of employment. The discharged journeymen of all trades have united in an appeal to the public for support. They discountenance the use of force or threats to prevent others from working.

Eleven deaths from small-pox, including the captain, occurred on the bark Louis, on her voyage from Bremen to New York. She had 448 passengers.

A terrible hurricane occurred on the Island of Zanzibar about the middle of April. The town was greatly damaged, one hundred and fifty vessels of all classes sunk or stranded, and $10,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

Particulars of the late earthquake in Syria have been received. The fatalities, it appears, are heavier in the country than in the city of Antioch, as was first reported. Four of the American community in the latter city were killed and their church badly damaged. Three hundred persons were killed in Antioch, and in the surrounding country at least sixteen hundred lives have been lost by this terrible catastrophe.

☞ A Western switch-tender, caught napping at his post, excuses himself by remarking that the safety of a railway greatly depends on the soundness of the sleepers; but the local jailor retorts that such sleepers are only safe when they're bolted in.

☞ The colored citizens of the South are continually proving their capacity for discussion, if not for the administration of public affairs. Two colored statesmen, in Wilmington, North Carolina, lately ventilated their differences at a public meeting thus: said one—"Gemmen, sich proceedings as dese, in de time of General Washington would have been deemed *maligerous!*" Upon this significant remark, quoth his opponent: "Sar, did you presume to say *maligerous?*" "What I done say, I has *spoken!*" solemnly replied the other. "De sarcumstance requires no explanashun and I *resist*," said the first speaker, and seated himself with becoming dignity.

☞ Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

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Yours, respectfully, HENRY BARTON,
[illegible] Nassau street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.
PITTSBURGH, March 7, 1872.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I received your highly Medicated Soap, and have used it one week. During the time I used the first cake my face changed every day, until I was entirely free of pimples, and to-day I can say I possess a clear complexion, SOLELY FROM THE USE of your Soap. I wish you to forward me at your earliest moment ½ a dozen of your Italian Medicated Soap.

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We observe that Caleston & Hovey of this city advertise Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long since we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say from some experience years back, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that was ever manufactured. It costs even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to every man who shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

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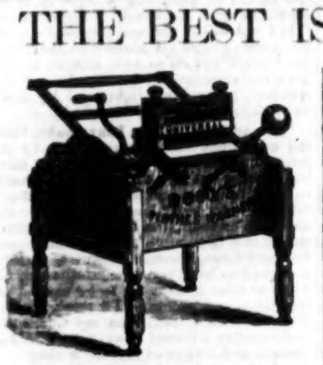

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This machine will wash clothes well and thoroughly, much faster and easier than can be done by hand, and with far *less wear to the garments.*

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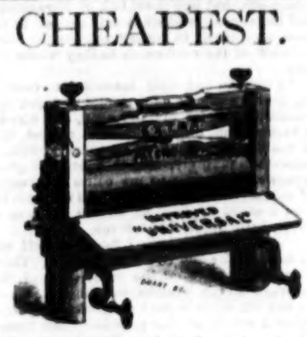

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WIT AND HUMOR.

HOW THE ACCOUNT WAS SQUARED.

The Cincinnati Times prints the following from its fat contributor:—

Let me relate an incident of travel that occurred when I was a frisky young man with a fondness for young ladies' society. Understand me, I have no distaste for young ladies' society now, but they don't seem to hanker so much for mine as they did, say twenty years ago. This is natural enough, I don't blame them—only they don't know what they are missing. A friend and myself got on board an express train one afternoon to make a short trip. The car we entered was full. Only one vacant seat in fact, and that was alongside of a very charming young lady. Friend and I each made a dash for that very desirable vacant seat. It isn't a fair thing to do, as a general thing, to trip a friend, but it was allowable under the circumstances, and I gave him just the slightest trip in the world, just enough to enable me to get the start of him and obtain the coveted seat. My friend took a seat on the wood-box, and looked disconsolate enough. I think I added to his discomfiture by certain triumphant winks, nods, and motions in which I indulged. The young lady was attractive, and some casual remarks dropped on one side or the other—young folks will drop a remark occasionally, and are more ready to pick it up again than old ones—afforded an opportunity to glide easily and pleasantly into conversation. She was witty and sprightly, and I grew unusually brilliant, [illegible] My friend [illegible] looked madder than ever. At length we reached a station where the train stopped a moment. My friend abandoned the wood-box and rushed out on the platform. Suddenly he returned, and pushing quickly to me seized me by the collar and said in a tone heard all through the car: "Quick now, get right off here. You can get a job here just as well as not. They tell me there is only one shoemaker in the place, and lots of work. So take your kit and get off before the train starts. No use of looking any further for work. Tramping all around the country for a job of shoemaking won't pay. Take work where you find it. That's my motto." He almost forced me out of the seat with his vehemence, and if I hadn't made a vigorous resistance he would have had me out on the platform. The young lady gave me one look of supreme disgust—a tramping jour. shoemaker!—then directed her gaze out of the window, and kept it there for the remainder of the journey. My friend remounted the wood-box, and indulged in such a series of fiendish grins and malignant chuckles as would have justified me in hurling him from the car, only I was too stupefied by the proceeding to proceed against him. When I left the car the young lady looked to see if I hadn't forgotten my "kit," and I am satisfied she thought I had got off to "kick for a job," as they say in shoemaker parlance.

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.

I kum tew the konclusion lately that life was so unsartin that the only way for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to get my life insured, and so I called on the agent of the Garden Life Insurance Company, and answered the following questions which were put to me over a pair of goald specs by a slick, little, fat, old feller, with a little round gray head:—

1. Are you male or female? If so, how long have you been so?
2. Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time?
3. What is your precise fiteing weight?
4. Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so, how much?
5. What is your legal opinion of the constitutionality of the 10 commandments?
6. Do you ever have any nitemare?
7. Are you married and live single, or are you a bachelor?
8. Do you beleav in a futur state? If you do, state it.
9. What are your private sentiments about a rush of rats to the head—can't it be did successfully?
10. Have you ever committed suicide? If so, how does it seem to affect you?
11. Did you ever have the measles? If so, how many?

After answering the above questions like a man, on the confirmative, the slick, little, fat, old feller, with goald specs on, sed I was insured for life, and would probably remain so for a term of years. I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles.

ANOTHER NEW POET.

There is a man in New Orleans—a recklessly improper man we think we should call him—who has written a poem entitled "Gola." It begins with these lines:

"Once I had a little sweetheart
In the land of the Malay—
Such a little yellow sweetheart,
Warm and gracious as the day
Of her own dear sunny island,
Kemlah—in the far, far East,
Where we sucked the luscious mango—
Ah! and many a sweeter feast."

The careless reader might perhaps receive the erroneous impression that the yellow hue of the poet's sweetheart was probably due to biliousness, or to chronic torpidity of the liver, caused by an excessive diet of sucked mangoes unrelieved by exercise. But if we understand him, he intends to convey the idea that her natural color was yellow. We shall not pause to consider the difficulty which a man of taste would find in learning to love a woman who was yellow, and who bore the name of Gola. We shall pass on to the next verse, in which we find the poet exclaiming:

"And her eyes? her eyes were heaven!
Changing swift from joy to grief;
And her dress—ah! 'twas no larger
Than a lady's handkerchief."

Now, it is plainly manifest to every reflecting mind that Gola must have been exceedingly small, or that ladies' handkerchiefs in New Orleans are uncommonly large, or that the conduct of Gola in the matter of fixing herself up for company was perfectly scandalous. We do not know any of the parties; but it seems to us that it would be charitable if some of the missionary societies would send out a few gunnybags and blankets to Gola, with a fashion-plate or two for her to dress herself by. As it is, the situation is deplorable; and if nobody else will begin the movement in her behalf, we shall start the contributions with a pair of gum shoes for her. Even these will improve the condition of things somewhat.—*Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.*

WHISKEY DID IT.—A worthy temperance advocate who was engaged in getting up facts for a new lecture, visited a penitentiary to learn the experience of the convicts. Addressing the first prisoner he came to, a burly burglar, he said: "My friend, did whisky have anything to do with bringing you here?" "Yes, it had all to do with it." "How so?" "Why, the judge and jury who tried me were all drunk."

A YOUNG man who had come into possession of a large property by the death of his brother, was asked how he was getting along. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time. What with getting out letters of administration and attending a probate court and settling claims, I sometimes wish he hadn't died."

☞ An Iowa groom was so delighted with the marriage ceremony that he insisted on having it repeated eleven times.

TRUST.

Though tempted hard, life's tract may be,
And cheerless our way is,
The [illegible] of Father Time
Some day will [illegible] it,
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is too late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We weep, for a grave is filling;
We tremble at sickness on every side,
At the [illegible] ways of killing.
Yet, after all,
If a sparrow fall,
Our Lord forgets it never.

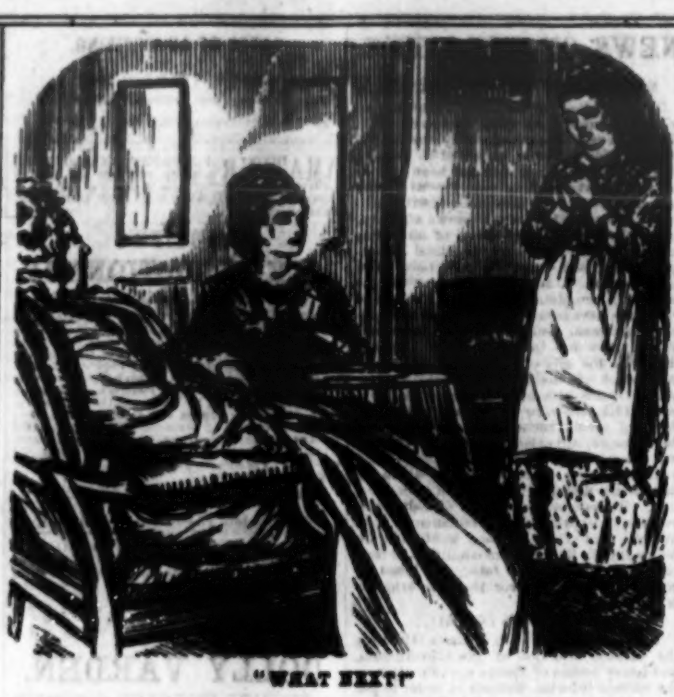
He [illegible] cares. We come, we go,
We stumble, toil, and falter;
But the answer to each, of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter.
Then why not say,
From day to day,
"Thy will be done forever!"

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness,
Doing the best we can to work
With courage, yet with meekness,
Lifting the face
To catch God's grace,
That lights the soul forever?

Forever and ever, my darling, yes,
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are sure in the end to go flying.
Fleeting as bubbles
Are cares and troubles,
And "now" is a speck that winks us over,
Till it floats and is lost in the vast "Forever."

A THRILLING SKETCH.

"NO LIVING VOICE."



"WHAT NEXT?"

MISTRESS (to New Housemaid.)—"Jane, I'm quite surprised to hear you can't read or write! I'm sure one of my daughters would gladly undertake to teach you—"

MAID.—"O, Lor', mum, if the young ladies would be so kind as to learn me anything, I should so like to play the pianner!"

"It was in the spring of 16—. I had been at Rome during the Holy Week, and had taken a place in the diligence for Naples. There were two routes: one by way of Terracina, and the other by the Via Latina, more inland. The diligence, which made the journey only twice a week, followed these routes alternately, so that each road was traversed only once in seven days. I chose the inland route; and, after a long day's journey, arrived at Ceprano, where we halted for the night. The next morning we started again very early; and it was scarcely yet daylight, when we reached the Neapolitan frontier, at a short distance from the town. There our passports were examined; and, to my great dismay, I was informed that mine was not *en règle*. It was covered, indeed, with stamps and signatures, not one of which had been procured without some cost and trouble; but one '*visa*' yet was wanting, and that the all-important one, without which none could enter the kingdom of Naples. I was obliged, therefore, to alight, and to send my wretched passport back to Rome, my wretched self being doomed to remain under police surveillance at Ceprano, until the diligence should bring it back to me on that day week, at soonest.

"I took up my abode at the hotel where I had passed the previous night, and there I presently received a visit from the Capo di Polizia, who told me very civilly that I must present myself, every morning and evening, at his *bureau*; but that I might have liberty to 'circulate' in the neighborhood during the day. I grew so weary of this dull place, that, after I had explored the immediate vicinity of the town, I began to extend my walks to a greater distance; and as I always reported myself to the police before night, I met with no objection on their part.

"One day, however, when I had been as far as Alatri, and was returning on foot, night overtook me. I had lost my way, and could not tell how far I might be from my destination. I was very tired, and had a heavy knapsack on my shoulders, packed with stones and relics from the ruins of the old Pelagic fortress, which I had been exploring, besides a number of old coins, and a lamp or two, which I had purchased there. I could discern no signs of any human habitation; and the hills, covered with wood, seemed to shut me in on every side. I was beginning to think seriously of looking out for some sheltered spot under a thicket, in which to pass the night, when the welcome sound of a footstep behind me fell upon my ears. Presently a man, dressed in the usual long, shaggy coat of a shepherd, overtook me; and, hearing of my difficulty, offered to conduct me to a house at a short distance from the road, where I might obtain a lodging: before we reached the spot, he told me that the house in question was an inn, and that he was the landlord of it. He had not much custom, he said, so he employed himself in shepherding during the day; but he could make me comfortable, and give me a good supper, also; better than I should expect, to look at him; but he had been in different circumstances once, and had lived in service in good families, and knew how things ought to be, and what a *signore* like myself was used to.

"The house to which he took me, seemed, like its owner, to have seen better days. It was a large, rambling place, and much dilapidated, but it was tolerably comfortable within; and my landlord, after he had thrown off his sheepskin coat, prepared me a good and savory meal, and sat down to look at and converse with me while I ate it. I did not much like the look of the fellow; but he seemed anxious to be sociable, and told me a great deal about his former life, when he was in service, expecting to receive similar confidences from me. I did not gratify him much, but one must talk of something; and he seemed to think it only proper to express an interest in his guests, and to learn as much of their concerns as they would tell him.

"I went to bed early, intending to resume my journey as soon as it should be light. My landlord took up my knapsack, and carried it to my room, observing, as he did so, that it was a great weight for me to travel with. I answered, jokingly, that it contained great treasures, referring to my coins and relics; of course, he did not understand me, and before I could explain, he wished me a most happy little night, and left me.

"The room in which I found myself was situated at the end of a long passage. There were two rooms on the right side of this passage, and a window on the left, which looked out upon a yard or garden. Having taken a survey of the outside of the house, while smoking my cigar, after dinner, when the moon was up I understood exactly the position of my chamber—the end room of a long, narrow wing, projecting at right angles from the main building, with which it was connected only by the passage, and the two side rooms, already mentioned. Please to bear this description carefully in mind while I proceed.

"Before getting into bed, I drove into the floor, close to the door, a small gimlet, which formed part of a complicated pocket-knife which I always carried with me; so that it would be impossible for any one to enter the room without my knowledge. There was a lock to the door, but the key would not turn in it; there was also a bolt, but it would not enter the hole intended for it, the door having sunk, apparently, from its proper level. I satisfied myself, however, that the door was securely fastened by my gimlet, and soon fell asleep.

"How can I describe the strange and horrible sensation which oppressed me, as I woke out of my first slumber? I had been sleeping soundly; and before I quite recovered consciousness, I had instinctively risen from my pillow, and was crouching forward, my knees drawn up, my hands clasped before my face, and my whole frame quivering with horror. I saw nothing, felt nothing; but a sound was ringing in my ears which seemed to make my blood run cold. I could not have supposed it possible that any mere sound, whatever might be its nature, could have produced such a revulsion of feeling, or inspired such intense horror as I then experienced. It was not a cry of terror that I heard; that would have roused me to action; nor the moaning of one in pain; that would have distressed me, and called forth sympathy, rather than aversion. True, it was like the groaning of one in anguish and despair, but not like any mortal voice. It seemed too dreadful, too intense, for human utterance. The sound had begun, while I was fast asleep, close to the head of my bed, close to my very pillow; it continued after I was wide awake—a long, loud, hollow, protracted groan, making the midnight air reverberate, and then dying gradually away, until it ceased entirely. It was some minutes before I could at all recover from the terrible impression, which seemed to stop my breath and paralyze my limbs. At length, I began to look about me; for the night was not entirely dark; and I could discern the outlines of the room, and the several pieces of furniture in it. I then got out of bed, and called aloud, 'Who is there? What is the matter? Is any one ill?' I repeated these inquiries in Italian and in French; but there was none that answered. Fortunately, I had some matches in my pocket, and was able to light my candle. I then examined every part of the room carefully, and especially the wall at the head of my bed, sounding it with my knuckles. It was firm and solid there, as in all other places. I unfastened my door, and explored the passage and the two adjoining rooms, which were unoccupied and almost destitute of furniture. They had evidently not been used for some time. Search as I would, I could gain no clue to the mystery. Returning to my room, I sat down upon the bed in great perplexity, and began to turn over in my mind whether it was possible I could have been deceived,—whether the sounds which caused me so much distress might be the offspring of some dream or nightmare; but to that conclusion I could not bring myself at all, much as I wished it; for the groaning had continued ringing in my ears long after I was wide awake and conscious. While I was thus reflecting, having neglected to close the door, which was opposite to the side of my bed where I was sitting, I heard a soft footstep at a distance, and presently a light appeared at the farther end of the passage. Then I saw the shadow of a man cast upon the opposite wall. It moved very slowly, and presently stopped. I saw the hand raised, as if making a sign to some one; and I knew from the fact of the shadow being thrown in advance, that there must be a second person in the rear, by whom the light was carried. After a short pause, they seemed to retrace their steps, without my having had a glimpse of either of them, but only of the shadow which had come before, and which followed them as they withdrew. It was then a little after one o'clock, and I concluded they were retiring late to rest and anxious to avoid disturbing me, though I have since thought that it was the light from my room which caused their retreat. I felt half inclined to call to them; but I shrank, without knowing why, from making known what had disturbed me; and, while I hesitated, they were gone; so I fastened my door again, and resolved to sit up and watch a little longer by myself. But now my candle was beginning to burn low, and I found myself in this dilemma: either I must extinguish it at once, or I should be left without the means of procuring a light in case I should be again disturbed. I regretted that I had not called for another candle, while there were people yet moving in the house; but I could not do so now without making some explanations; so I grasped my box of matches, put out my light, and lay down, not without a shudder, in the bed.

"For an hour or more I lay awake, thinking over what had occurred; and by that time I had almost persuaded myself that I had nothing but my own morbid imagination to thank for the alarm which I had suffered. 'It is an outer wall,' I said to myself; 'they are all outer walls, and the house is built of stone: it is impossible that any sound could be heard through such a thickness. Besides, it seemed to be in my room, close to my ear. What an idiot I must be, to be excited and alarmed about nothing; I'll think no more about it.' So I turned on my side, with a smile (rather a forced one) at my own foolishness, and composed myself to sleep.

"At that instant I heard, with more distinctness than I ever heard any other sound in my life, a gasp, a voiceless gasp as if some one were in agony for breath, biting at the air, or trying with desperate efforts to cry out or speak. It was repeated a second and third time; then there was a pause; then again that horrible gasping; and then a long-drawn breath, an audible drawing up of the air into the throat, such as one would make in heaving a deep sigh. Such sounds as these could not possibly have been heard unless they had been close to my ear; they seemed to come from the wall at my head, or to rise up out of my pillow. That fearful gasping, and that drawing in of the breath, in the darkness and silence of the night seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill with dreadful expectation. Unconsciously I shrank away from it, crouching down, as before, with my face upon my knees. It ceased, and immediately a moaning sound began, which lengthened out into an awful, protracted groan, waxing louder and louder, as if under an increasing agony, and then dying away, slowly and gradually, into silence; yet painfully and distinctly audible, even to the last.

"As soon as I could arouse myself from the freezing horror which seemed to penetrate even to my joints and marrow, I crept away from the bed, and in the farthest corner of the room, lighted, with shaking hand, my candle, looking anxiously about me as I did so, expecting some dreadful revelation as the light flashed up. Yet, if you will believe me, I did not feel alarmed or frightened; but rather oppressed, and penetrated with an unnatural, overpowering sentiment of awe. I seemed to be in the presence of some great and horrible mystery, some bottomless depth of woe, or misery, or crime. I shrank from it with a sensation of intolerable loathing and suspense. It was a feeling akin to this which prevented me from calling to my landlord. I could not bring myself to speak to him of what had passed; not knowing how nearly he might be himself involved in the mystery. I was only anxious to escape as quietly as possible from the room and from the house. The candle was now beginning to flicker in its socket; but the stars were shining outside, and there was space and air to breathe there, which seemed to be wanting in my room; so I hastily opened my window, tied the bedclothes together for a rope, and lowered myself silently and safely to the ground.

"There was a light still burning in the lower part of the house; but I crept noiselessly along, feeling my way carefully among the trees, and in due time came upon a beaten track which led me to a road, the same which I had been travelling on the previous night. I walked on, scarcely knowing whither, anxious only to increase my distance from the accursed house, until the day began to break, when almost the first object I could see distinctly was a small body of men approaching me. It was with no small pleasure that I recognized at their head my friend the Capo di Polizia. 'Ah!' he cried, 'unfortunate Inglese, what trouble you have given me! Where have you been? God be praised that I see you safe and sound! But how? What is the matter with you? You look like one possessed.'

"I told him how I had lost my way, and where I had lodged.

"'And what happened to you there?' he cried, with a look of anxiety.

"'I was disturbed in the night. I could not sleep. I made my escape, and here I am. I cannot tell you more.'

"'But you must tell me more, dear sir; forgive me; you must tell me everything. I must know all that passed in that house. We have had it under our surveillance for a long time; and when I heard in what direction you had gone yesterday, and had not returned, I feared you had got into some mischief there, and we were even now upon our way to look for you.'

"I could not enter into particulars, but I told him I had heard strange sounds; and, at his request, I went back with him to the spot. He told me, by-the-way, that the house was known to be the resort of banditti; that the landlord harbored them, received their ill-gotten goods, and helped them to dispose of their booty.

"Arrived at the spot, he placed his men about the premises, and instituted a strict search; the landlord, and the man who was found in the house, being compelled to accompany him. The room in which I had slept was carefully examined; the floor was of plaster or cement, so that no sound could have passed through it; the walls were sound and solid, and there was nothing to be seen that could in any way account for the strange disturbance I had experienced. The room on the ground floor underneath my bedroom was next inspected; it contained a quantity of straw, hay, firewood, and lumber. It was paved with brick; and, on turning over the straw, which was heaped together in a corner, it was observed that the bricks were uneven, as if they had been recently disturbed.

"'Dig here,' said the officer; 'we shall find something hidden here, I imagine.'

"The landlord was evidently much disturbed. 'Stop!' he cried. 'I will tell you what lies there; come away out of doors, and you shall know all about it.'

"'Dig, I say. We will find out for ourselves.'

"'Let the dead rest,' cried the landlord, with a trembling voice. 'For the love of heaven, come away, and hear what I shall tell you.'

"'Go on with your work,' said the sergeant to his men, who were now plying pickaxe and spade.

"'I can't stay here and see it,' exclaimed the landlord, once more. 'Hear, then! It is the body of my son, my only son; let him rest, if rest he can. He was wounded in a quarrel, and brought home here to die. I thought he would recover, but there was neither doctor nor priest at hand, and, in spite of all that we could do for him, he died. Let him alone now, or let a priest first be sent for; he died unconfessed, but it was not my fault; it may not be yet too late to make peace for him.'

"'But why is he buried in this place?'

"'We did not wish to make a stir about it. Nobody knew of his death, and we laid him down quietly; one place, I thought, was as good as another, when once the life was out of him. We are poor folk, and could not pay for ceremonies.'

"The truth at length came out. Father and son were both members of a band of thieves; under this floor they concealed their plunder; and there, too, lay more than one mouldering corpse, victims who had occupied the room in which I slept, and had there met their death. The son was indeed buried in that spot; he had been mortally wounded in a skirmish with travellers, and had lived long enough to repent of his deeds, and to beg for that priestly absolution which, according to his creed, was necessary to secure his pardon. In vain he had urged his father to bring the confessor to his bedside; in vain he had entreated him to break off from the murderous band with which he was allied, and to live honestly in future; his prayers were disregarded, and his dying admonitions were of no avail. But for the strange mysterious warning which had roused me from my sleep, and driven me out of the house that night, another crime would have been added to the old man's tale of guilt. That gasping attempt to speak, and that awful groaning—whence did they proceed? It was no living voice. Beyond that I will express no opinion on the subject. I will only say, it was the means of saving my life, and at the same time putting an end to the series of bloody deeds which had been committed in that house.

"I received my passport that evening by the diligence from Rome, and started the next morning on my way to Naples. As we were crossing the frontier, a tall figure approached, wearing the long, rough capuche of the mendicant friars, with a hood over the face, and holes for the eyes to look through. He carried a tin money-box in his hand, which he held out to the passengers, jingling a few coins in it, and crying, in a monotonous voice, '*Anime in purgatorio! Anime in purgatorio!*' I do not believe in purgatory, nor in supplications for the dead; but I dropped a piece of silver into the box, nevertheless."

Answers to Correspondents.

REV. A. SEA, (Richmond, Mo.,) writes: "I have been a reader of your excellent family paper for some years, and would not exchange it for any other literary journal of the day. I appreciate all of its departments and devour most greedily the answers to correspondents, from which I have gleaned useful information and good ideas. Some say you have no correspondents, but propose and answer all questions yourself. Be that as it may, I hope you will not ignore the queries I present, for I write for instruction, not for 'buncombe.' 1st. In reading the Bible, I find that the 19th chap. II Kings, and 37th chapter of Isaiah, read alike, almost word for word. As they were written in different ages, how and why this coincidence? 2d. Did you publish some years ago, 'The War Trail,' by Mayne Reid, and would you republish the same for the gratification of a number of your readers? 3d. I have never learned why the word 'Fenian' was applied to the Irish departure, nor its original meaning. Can and will you enlighten me? 4th. Should the Prince of Wales die before his mother, who will be the Queen's successor? These questions are irregular and foreign to each other, yet I hope that will not preclude you from obliging with answers." Our correspondent certainly wishes to flatter us by crediting us with great versatility of style, and power of invention. It would puzzle any one mind to devise all the various wants, and couch them in the various styles, displayed in our correspondents' column. And we have enough just now to do in supplying the real wants of our readers without amusing ourselves by devising fictitious needs. In your first question you are, like many others, misled by assuming as fact what is not proven to be so. There is nothing to show that Kings and Isaiah were written in different ages. The dates of the books of Kings is very uncertain, as also the authorship. This has been attributed by some writers to Ezra, by others to Jeremiah, and by still others to Isaiah. The fact you mention seems to favor the latter theory. The Jewish traditions ascribe these books to Jeremiah, an idea which is partly sustained by their style of composition. 2d. The fact of our having published a story within a few years would be a serious objection to our republishing it, as we have to please multitudes of readers who have followed up the Post for many years. Therefore we would not feel at liberty to do so unless the request were very widely sustained. 3d. The original meaning of Fenian is, a Hunter, from the Gaelic *Fianna*. Before the Germanic invasion a Celtic race, so-called, occupied parts of Ireland and Scotland, and also the north of Germany. They are referred to by Ossian. The Fenians of Ireland, Scotland, England and Scandinavia, had a great battle at Gabhra, Ireland, and extirpated each other, Oisin only escaping. The name was adopted by the modern Irish insurgents as one significant of the former independence of their race. In case of the death of the Prince of Wales, his brother, the second son of the queen, would succeed to his title, and become heir presumptive to the throne.

R. E. S. (Oswego, N. Y.,) asks: "Will you publish in the *Post* a receipt for graining; also, directions for mixing and applying the same, and oblige?" We would be glad to oblige our friend in this particular, but she must remember that the art of graining is a regular trade, and can only be performed by an experienced hand. The necessary mixture could be obtained from any dealer in paints, but only a person acquainted with the business could properly apply it.

M. A. H. writes: "Dear *Post*, upon whom I lean for my amusement, information and edification, I want to ask you a brace of questions, which, I am afraid, you will think foolish, and which, I know admit my ignorance. But I will not be ignorant if the wise *Post* will please to answer. Question first. Why is the residence of the Presidents of the United States called the White House? Second. Who is Dolly Varden; for what noted?" The residence of the Presidents is called The White House for no more mysterious reason than that it is a white house. From the fact that it is entirely white, it gradually acquired the name which seems destined to cling to it. Dolly Varden is a creation of Dickens, the novelist. The character occurs in his novel of Barnaby Rudge. She is the daughter of a locksmith, and figures in some of the most amusing scenes in the book. The author represented the locksmith's daughter in a style of dress in vogue at the period of the story. It is this style of dress, or something like it, which is again becoming the mode, hence the name.

O. K. (Money Creek, Minn.) asks: "What are the conditions of the Soldier's Homestead Law? Can you tell me what the Dakota River Valley is in a farming point of view? Is there any timber in it? Please answer these questions and oblige an old soldier." The Homestead Law requires that the settler shall, after selecting his 160 acres, make entry in the land office of the district of his intention to occupy the same. This entry can only be made in reference to land which has been surveyed and to which there is no prior claim. But the government survey has already passed over the more desirable portions of the territories. The law further requires that the claimant shall build upon, cultivate, and make the pre-empted tract his actual homestead. Proof of such actual settlement and improvement for five years is all that is necessary to become a full owner of the farm. The southeastern portion of Dakota territory, in which the Dakota river runs, is known to have considerable agricultural facilities, and is said to produce excellent crops of corn, wheat, oats, as also sugar cane, and all the principal garden vegetables. The climate is good, and the water fall sufficiently abundant; much more so than in the northern and western portions of the territory. There is much good timber in the explored portions of Dakota, but we have seen no report concerning the valley in question.

OUR CLUB asks: "Will you please inform us through your correspondence column whether, (we omit the name of the article) is what it is represented to be by circulars, and whether cistern water would be injured by its use?" When will our friends learn that this column is not intended as an advertising medium, and that we cannot undertake to vouch for the responsibility of any advertiser? We are always willing to answer reasonable questions, but how can we be expected to know the value of the innumerable articles which are daily brought to the notice of the public?

MSS. DECLINED.—"How Harry Hill Graduated;" by G. W. M. "Only for a Day;" by Jennie S. "My Visit to the Mineral Springs;" by Ann Ayr.

E. L. R. (Hannibal, Mo.,) says in reply to an answer of ours respecting the word "Bellicose," that "it is not in his Goodrich's edition of Webster's Dictionary." We are a little surprised to hear it; but take this opportunity of saying that no man can make a wiser investment—especially no man who has a family—than to buy a copy of Webster's large Quarto and Unabridged Dictionary. As a compendium of useful, everyday knowledge it is unsurpassed. Not only have you the definition and the pronunciation of almost every word in the language, but you have these definitions illustrated with about 3000 engravings. Then, besides, you have lists giving the true pronunciation of Scripture, Greek and Latin, and modern Biographical and Geographical names; and, in addition, Explanations of the Noted Names, &c., of Fiction. Such a book should be in every family, lying easy of access on the table of the usual sitting-room. If properly consulted, it would be equal to having the best kind of a schoolmaster in the house all the time. We have seen some [illegible] about Dictionaries being dry reading; but any intelligent person may pore by the hour over Webster's Unabridged, and find it more fascinating than most novels. The price is high, we know, $12.00—but not high when the size of the work, the amount of its information, and its value as an educator are taken into consideration.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RECEIPTS.

TO SCALLOP FISH.—Pick the fish in flakes, mix it with rolled crackers or rasped bread; moisten with melted butter, pack it in shells, and bake in the oven.

CASSEROLE OF FISH.—Take cold fish, divide it into small bits; have ready as many eggs as needed, boiled hard; work the yolks fine, chop the whites and mix the eggs and fish together; mash potatoes, and work the fish, eggs, and potatoes together; moisten with butter, season with pepper and salt; put the whole in a mould, and boil; when done, turn it out.

SALSIFY OR VEGETABLE OYSTERS.—This is eatable both fall and spring. Scrape the roots clean, cut them in small pieces, and boil in clear water until tender. Take them up and mash fine, season with butter, pepper, and salt; make in small cakes, and fry like oysters. These are called salsify patties.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Grate cocoanut and mix it with sugar, discarding the black part. Make a nice boiled custard without sugar, boil it over steam until too hard to use as boiled custard, strain it in the cocoanut and sugar before it becomes solid, and beat it together lightly. When cold it should be quite stiff. Serve with sweet cream.

BAKED GRAHAM PUDDING.—Take unbolted flour and mix it with milk sweetened with two tablespoonfuls molasses as thick as it can possibly be stirred with a spoon; stir in a tablespoon of yeast, and let it rise; when light bake it; let it remain in a dry place two days; then take off the top and side crust, and steam it over milk three hours; serve with cream and sugar, or maple syrup. If home hop yeast is used, take two spoonfuls.

FLOATING ISLANDS.—Beat to a stiff froth the whites of fourteen eggs, cook them by spoonfuls on boiling milk until they can be lifted with a fork, skim them out, and let the milk drain from them; beat the yolks, and stir them into two quarts of the milk when a little cool; add sugar to the taste, a pinch of salt, and as much loaf-sugar as suits the taste. Do not let it boil, only thicken; it should be about as thick as morning's cream at noon; pour the custard into a deep dish and lay the whites on the top, sift on a little red sugar sand, and nutmeg or not, as desired.

PENNSYLVANIA PUDDING.—one pint of milk, a tablespoonful of washed rice, half a cup of raisins; sugar to the taste, a little salt and nutmeg; mix all together and put it in to bake; stir it up after it has skinned over four times, mixing up raisins and rice with the milk each time; let it bake until the rice is cooked; serve cold, with cream and sugar.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BURIED CAPES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Please call at the school and send the children home.
2. Neither the soothsayers nor the astrologers could interpret the vision.
3. My brother lives in New Stanton, Iowa.
4. It was near lake Como Rinaldo met his fate.
5. The sordid thoughts of self are well nigh flown.
6. I met Philip almost immediately afterward.
7. The same idea still pervades the human mind.
8. The loud sounds of strife arrested his meditations.
9. When the vehicle arrived the citizens crowded around.
10. Shakspeare still bears the palm assuredly.
11. The camel is able to travel for days without water.
12. Neither sloth or negligence will bring prosperity.
13. Impostors often overdo their work by loud protestations.
14. "On Clermont's terraced height the weary pilgrim stood."
15. "As fly the shadows to and fro man's mind is changing ever."
16. We had a visit from sister Emma yesterday.

W. H. MORROW,
Maner Station, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first brings grief to many a home,
And blights the land where it does come.
My second is the home of beasts,
Where they have many bloody feasts.
My whole is found—(I understand)
In every prison in the land.

Stillwater, Minn. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a little word of two syllables, of which my first sounds like giving for a price. My second is the Scotch name for a church; and my whole is a hero of romance, well-known and a special favorite among the boys; and also the name of a town in Scotland noted for the manufacture of shoes.

F. R. F.

WORD SQUARE.

A stick.
An animal.
A plant.

Whiting, Vt. WARREN KETCHAM.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The centres of two spheres, whose radii are 6 and 8 feet respectively, are at the extremities of a straight line, whose length is 20 feet, on which a circle is described. Find a point in the circumference of the circle from which the greatest portion of spherical surface is visible.

E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale, Co., Mich.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fountain has 4 receiving pipes, A, B, C and D; A, B and C will fill it in 6 hours; B, C and D in 8 hours; C, D and A in 10 hours, and D, A and B in 12 hours. It has also 4 discharging pipes, E, F, G and H; E, F and G will empty it in 6 hours; F, G and H in 5 hours; G, H and E in 4 hours, and H, E and F in 3 hours. Now suppose the pipes *all* open, and the fountain full, in what time would it be emptied?

W. H. MORROW,
Maner Station, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

A correspondent from North Carolina sends us the following:—

☞ Why are dead men like empty whisky barrels? Because their spirits have departed from them.

☞ Why is the letter e like pain? Because it makes man mean.

☞ Why is the fly one of the largest of insects? Because it stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

☞ Why is an address pronounced on board a ship like a finger ring? Because its a deck-oration (decoration.)

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE.—Partridge-pie. (Part-ridge-pi.) PUZZLE.—Washington. RIDDLE.—Dulcimer.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's Problem of April 6.—$690.00. W. H. Morrow, M. J. Thompson, E. E. Woods, Maggie Norton, T. H. Cloud, Annie M. Leech, Lillian Greene, O. B. Sheldon.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's Problem of April 13.—$9.59[illegible]. W. H. Morrow, E. E. Woods, M. J. Thompson.

Answer to Junior's Arithmetical Question of April 13.—A, $1771.44; B, $1618.60; C, $1465.00. Junior, M. J. Thompson, E. E. Woods, S. R. Townsend.

Answer to E. E. Woods's Problem of March 30.—A receives $[illegible], or 7 3-14 per lb. B receives $20.14[illegible], or 6 5-7 per lb. E. E. Woods, W. H. Smith, G. Simmons, O. B. Sheldon.

Answer to R. H. Young's Problem of March 23.—In 5 minutes. O. B. Sheldon, A. B. Leech.

Answer to Ego Geo's Problem of same date.—The area of the rectangle is twice that of the rhomb. Ego Geo, O. B. Sheldon.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's Problem of March 30.—3220.51. W. H. Morrow, O. B. Sheldon.